

# THE SATIRIST,

OR

## MONTHLY METEOR.

DECEMBER 1, 1808.

### NEW OPPOSITION LIGHTS.

SIR,

YOU will rejoice to hear that the opposition junto have contrived a new and very effective method of *illuminating* their country.

At a meeting held, I know not where, it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of Mr. Windham, that each member should throw some *new light* on every important question which ministers may bring forward during the next session of parliament. To accomplish this desirable object, Mr. W. has consulted the *wise men of the East* (otherwise called *Norfolk conjurors*), who have promised to transmute every one of them into some appropriate *inflammable matter*. The inclosed sketch of these intended metamorphoses was forwarded to me by a friend, and you are welcome to copy it for the amusement and instruction of your readers.

Lord Grenville is, as you will perceive, to assume the form of a *Roman lamp*, and will doubtless be supplied with *holy oil* by the Abbess of Stow.

The Duke of Norfolk is to be converted into a *tub of tallow*, having numerous *wicked ends*; but, I understand,

there is no danger of his Grace's "*setting the Thames on fire.*"

*Lord Erskine* will shine as the *chaste lamp of a vestal*, which, being once *put out*, can never be *put in* again.

*Lord Grey* has modestly chosen to become a *firebrand*, emitting more *heat* than *light*.

*Poor Paddy Ponsonby* wished to be brilliant only as a *red-hot Irishman*; but to this the *conjurors* objected, they having resolved that all the opposition members should be, in some degree, metamorphosed, he therefore consented to *enlighten* the House of Commons as a *DARK lantern*.

*Lord Henry Petty*, who never was *very bright*, is destined for a *farthing rushlight*.

*Mr. Whitbread*, the advocate for general education, will be a *parish lamp*.

You will perceive that the designer has made a very unfortunate mistake, in his sketch of the shape, which *Lord Temple* is intended to assume. His lordship is to be a large *tallow candle*, but instead of being *upright*, he appears in the picture to be *falling*, notwithstanding the immense quantity of paper which is applied to his *bottom*, and *adheres* so closely to it. There is also something in the representation of the *candle*, which resembles a *thief*, and produces a very unpleasant effect.

*Mr. Sheridan* is designed for a brilliant *lamp*, lit up with *spirits of wine*. The hand of *Time* which holds the *extinguisher* over this dazzling luminary, was introduced by order of the designer's Superior.

*Mr. Windham*, ever delighting in novelty, has chosen to be transformed into one of the new invented patent *instantaneous light* machines; the *fire* which issues from his *mouth*, will, of course, be nothing but *inflammable AIR!*

*Lord Kinnaird*, who so industriously endeavoured

to procure evidence against Lord Melville from that nobleman's cook, will assume the appropriate form of a kitchen candle.

It has been unanimously determined, that Sir F. Burdett can only *glimmer* as an *ignis fatuus*, and that Mr. Tierney cannot *shine* in ANY SHAPE.

The rest of the opposition squad will be transformed into *simple tapers*.

I am Sir,

Your sincere friend,

Nov. 18, 1808.

PETER PRY.

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ON THE REFINED IDEAS OF MEN OF HIGH  
RANK AND FASHION.

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———"HONORATUM si fortè reponis ACHILLEM;

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,

Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis."

HOR. De Arte Poeticâ. 120.

Would'st thou these modern BEAUX of TON display?

Stern, techy, fierce, implacable, are they:

Their faith to no prescriptions they afford;

And spurn all laws, saye "HONOUR" and the sword.

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MR. SATIRIST,

To ascertain at what precise æra of civilization the modern laws of honour were first invented, promulgated, and embraced, would perhaps be an attempt as difficult as it would be nugatory; their absurdity is acknowledged, and the evils of their adoption increase with the increasing number of their votaries, "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength." What at first might possibly have been principle is at length become prejudice; and our present degenerate race of bucks and bloods often implicitly act up to the letter and spirit of



these tenets, I would hope, more through servile adherence to custom than through deliberate choice and inclination.

Were I permitted to hazard a conjecture upon the origin of these laws, I own, Sir, it appears to me most probably derived, either from the too frequent multiplication of titular distinctions by the sovereign on trivial occasions, without sufficient previous attention having been paid to the character of the persons ennobled, or else from the unfortunate continuance of their rank to unworthy descendants. Thus it may have happened, Mr. Satirist, that men who themselves possessed no intrinsic merit whatever, but who yet fondly wished to maintain their adventitious dignities unblemished, paid rather too punctilious a regard to the mere externals of worldly grandeur. Hence they began to act with jealousy towards their superiors, and towards their inferiors with distant haughtiness or unbecoming freedom; and hence, I think, may have proceeded that fantastical sense of honour which feels the smallest derogation from respect as an unpardonable indignity; that exquisite sensibility of real or implied insult, which, in our iron age, compels its possessor to demand a prompt explanation, when another gentleman's conduct towards him seems ambiguous, and to require, what is commonly called, *honourable satisfaction*, when such explanation is withheld.

It should appear, Sir, according to the general acceptation of the word, that honour [*sc. modern honour*] is a certain vague kind of ideal excellence, innate, as it were, in persons of true fashion, *i. e.* persons of hereditary fortune and birth, but utterly unknown (like a sixth sense) to persons who are engaged in business, and unattainable by such as have unfortunately been bred to trade; and that its nature is so very indefinite, and, indeed, so inexplicable, that a modern man of honour may unite in his own



person, at the same time, the manners of a complete *homme comme il faut*, with the utmost depravity of morals; provided he have received a fashionable education, and do but live at large without any continued serious occupation, no matter whether with or without any other ostensible mode of subsistence.

Vice, Mr. Satirist, unblushing Vice, which in vulgar citizens presents a truly hideous aspect, in THE MAN OF HIGH RANK AND FASHION loses the worst part of its deformity, is often looked upon only as a slight blemish, is occasionally rallied as a gay eccentricity; nay, sometimes is professedly considered as an accomplishment. When the doubly wretched Sir G. W. *mortem sibi conscivit*, did DEAR Lord H——, or the common sleeping-partner of both, shed one tear? That a man of fashion may have his little failings and frailties,—his *peccadilloes*, as they are facetiously named,—in common with the mass of mankind, is surely not to be much wondered at; but then his parasites and imitators contend they are so genteel and so venial as to be no detriment to his *honour*. Oh! no, Sir! The gentleman may be thoroughly irreligious, may be incurably addicted to extravagance, drunkenness, gaming, sensuality, and so forth:—what then?—his *honour* is unhurt by such petty misdemeanors: and, besides, what are these *bagatelles*, when put in competition with his numerous admirable qualifications? What are they, when contrasted with his freedom of thought, speech, and action: his address, generosity, his unbounded liberality, his glorious impatience of superiority and control, his enlightened sentiments, his *daring* courage?\*

As it would be unreasonable, and indeed absurd, to ex-

\* The Rev. W. C. (*Christian Advocate* in the university of Cambridge), who wrote the strange narrative about Lord Camelford's *duel* and *death*, may answer our correspondent, if he pleases.—SATIRIST.

pect a man of fashion to be always strictly economical, it is but natural to suppose that he may sometimes incur debts, like R. B. Sheridan, Esq. M. P., or his son Tom, "*qui sequitur patrem haud passibus æquis.*" These debts, however, are of two distinct genera; namely, *honourable* debts, or such as he owes to swindlers, gamblers, sharpers, bullies, and women of a certain description, with all of whom, in the course of his ingenuous amusements, he has necessarily frequent connection; and *dishonourable, mean, low, domestic, or personal* debts, due to servants and tradesmen, for attendance, food, and dress. It is evident, therefore, to every feeling and humane mind, that the former obligations must be discharged by him as speedily and satisfactorily as he possibly can, and as magnanimously as if he were heir-apparent to the British Empire; whilst the payment of the latter may be deferred "*ad Græcas Calendas,*" to as distant a period as he pleases, or even to the Day of Judgment. And the obvious reason for so conscientious a distinction is this: the laws of civil society can, now and then, (*during a dissolution of parliament, for instance, by arrest, execution, and imprisonment*) enforce the reluctant liquidation of the one: but the very same laws refuse to take any cognisance of the other beyond a very moderate sum, *not worthy of a real gentleman's notice.* In one respect, although in that only, the man of high fashion and the plain, honest, sober, plodding tradesman may, in some sort, be said to emulate each other, both parties equally endeavour to be punctual in paying their "*hooked*" debts.

Now, Mr. Satirist, although it would be inconsistent with the character of A MAN OF HIGH RANK AND FASHION, as I before observed, for him to condescend to be employed in mere trading concerns, yet there are undoubtedly many pursuits to which he may lend his serious and systematic attention, without being thought

guilty of the least infraction of the rigid laws of honour. Thus, Sir, he may form an acquaintance with another gentleman of an open, unsuspicious temper, aye, and he may enter into the strictest bonds of friendship with him; he may insinuate himself into that person's affection, till he gain his unreserved confidence: *then* may he gradually induce that friend, by his own advice and example, to give way, almost imperceptibly, to extravagance and excess: *at length*, in an intemperate and unguarded hour, he may most "honourably" fleece that friend of his whole fortune by gaming. Or, if his bosom friend be married, and truly happy in all the comforts of a domestic life, he may contrive to be received as a favoured guest at the table of the generous husband, and should any lucky circumstance occur to cause that husband's temporary absence, he may, quite consistently with his "honourable" character, attack the peace of the family in its tenderest part. I appeal, with confidence, to the Duke of —, to the Marquis of B—d, to Lord Viscount S\*ckv\*lle, to Thomas S—, Esq. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. in short, to the whole *Legion\* of Honour*. If the gentleman fail in the gaily insidious attempt, he can laugh it off as a sprightly frolic occasioned by momentary merriment: if, however, his artifices succeed, *the game is up!* he instantly becomes the envy of his peers and the idol of their ladies; one such conquest smooths the way to twenty. Is he rich? A civil prosecution and consequent amercement only augment and blazon his renown, by rendering the gallant exploit more public. Is he poor? Unless he have the "*d—d ill luck*" of poor Caulfield, he can, like Curran, avoid the grasp of slow legal justice, *by a timely flight* before

\* Καὶ ἰππεύτα αὐτὸν Τί σοι ὄνομα; καὶ ἀπεκρίθη, λέγων· ΔΕΓΕΩΝ ὄνομα μοι, ὅτι ΠΟΛΛΟΙ τὸ μὲν. Buonaparte always gives significant names; and imparts to his mock sovereigns of his family *his own title* of THE DESTROYER,—scilicet ΑΠΟΛΑΥΩΝ.



the cornuted husband's return. His honour can, in neither case, even by implication, be attainted: for, however expressly the laws of society and of God may be found to condemn the deed, yet the paramount laws of HONOUR, being constituted, as the late Archdeacon Paley very justly observed for the mutual *conveniency* of men of fashion and of pleasure *only*,\* do, most decidedly, absolve him. The same unanswerable argument holds good, also, if he have amused himself in the seduction of virgin innocence.

Hannah More, good soul! seems to have totally mistaken the matter; yet she is no fool. She gravely asks: "How is it to be reconciled with the decisions of principles, that delicate women should receive with complacency the successful libertine, who has been detected by the wretched father or the injured husband in a criminal commerce, the discovery of which has too justly banished the unhappy partner of his crime from virtuous society? Nay, if he happen to be very handsome, or very brave, or very *fashionable*, is there not sometimes a kind of dishonourable competition for his favour?"† Let her Grace the Duchess of —, let Lady H—n, let the Marchioness of —, let Lady J., nay, let Lady Elizabeth M—, Mrs. P., Mrs. M., Mrs. R., or even pretty little Miss Betsey \*\*\*\*, tell Hannah More whether the unhappy partner in a *faux pas* is, indeed, banished from virtuous society!!!—*Musabat tacito medicina timore.*

Mr. Satirist, no man can be supposed, at all times, the

\* See "the Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," by William Paley, M. A. Archdeacon of Carlisle, 7th edit. 1790. Chap. ii. "THE LAW OF HONOUR." Volume the first.

† See "Strictures on the modern System of Female Education; with a View of the Principles and Conduct prevalent among Women of Rank and Fortune," by Hannah More, 4th edit. 1799. Chap. i. "Address to women of rank and fortune on the effects of their influence on society." Volume the first.

complete master of his passions, or perfectly free, in particular situations, from the impulses of noble irascibility. Thus fares it with the man of fashion. But though every circumstance which arouses the indignation of his humbler fellow-creatures, strongly excites *his* also, yet there is ONE affront which affects him, perhaps, more forcibly than any which can be offered or devised: an affront which, in an instant, from apparently the warmest friend converts him into the most inveterate enemy; turning the milk of human kindness to gall: an affront which makes him almost forget his very nature, and think of nothing but revenge; which cancels, at once and for ever, all former favours, destroys every tie of affinity and affection, and totally obliterates from the "*tabula rasa*" of his mind every sentiment of esteem and gratitude: an affront *which can only be expiated by human blood!* Call him a drunkard, a spendthrift, a libertine, or an atheist, and he may readily forgive you with an approving smile; but, Sir, if you dare to suspect his *honour*,—if, in a moment of irritation and surprise, you once impeach his idlest word,—blood and thunder! his fury becomes ungovernable, nor will the mental storm be appeased till vengeance is fully satiated:

*Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,  
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,  
That aids and strengthens Virtue when it meets her,  
And imitates her actions where she is not.*

IT OUGHT NOT TO BE SPORTED WITH.—

Vainly would reason be exerted, in order to persuade him that the intentional offence was slight, that the act was the effect of imprudence and exasperation, or that forgiveness would be more noble than resentment: in vain would the justice of a future retribution be urged against his present infatuated conduct. He would in vain be reminded, that as he himself cannot, will not, pardon an

angry look, a menacing gesture, an insulting expression, in other gentlemen of similar tempers, and liable to the same frailties with himself, so neither must he expect an all-seeing and omnipotent Being, of boundless perfection, to pardon his own "*mistakes*." He is now deaf to all remonstrances, and callous to the touch of humanity. And why?—his honour is insulted.\* —————

A CHRISTIAN'S honour is of a very different character. It has justly and eloquently been styled by one who gloriously exemplified its sublimest precepts [Edmund Burke], "the unbought grace of life, and the nurse of manly sentiment, which increases courage whilst it mitigates ferocity, and which ennobles whatever it inspires." To be without it were to live destitute of one of the brightest attributes of humanity, and to drag on a most wretched existence, burdens to ourselves, and most contemptible objects of derision to others." I remain, Mr. Satirist, with sincere respect,

Your obedient humble servant,

Chichester.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

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A CHARACTER.

—  
No. XV.  
—

THE valiant Chief, who oft has known to guide  
Britannia's navies o'er the stormy tide;  
Through surges, fire, and blood, has steer'd, to sweep  
The adverse squadrons from the billowy deep;

\* The recent execution, at Antrim, of an officer for "*honourable*" murder of his brother-officer in their mess-room, may possibly lead some men of fashion *on this side of the water* to a timely reflection: yet the DROP, at Newgate, groans for them.—DABIT DEUS HIS QUOQUE FUNEM.



Or with bold prow the hostile coast explored,  
When louder than the war the tempest roared ;  
Shall round him see Fame's greenest laurels bloom,  
To crown his temples, and to grace his tomb ;  
Adorn him falling mid the battle's rage,  
Or soothe the veteran's honorable age.

Hide, blushing Glory, hide thy foul disgrace,  
When, the mean organ of a factious race,  
We saw the Chief, 'neath whom thy godlike son,  
Thy Nelson, first the wreath of honour won ;  
When, by St. Vincent's steep, we hail'd the rays  
On Egypt's and Trafalgar's shores that blaze ;  
Saw him the hopes of well-earn'd fame disown,  
Mislead the country, and insult the throne ;  
That to those honours, which a Sovereign's choice,  
A senate's suffrage, and a people's voice,  
Had torn away, might now, once more, succeed  
The skipping son of Malagrida's\* breed.

Ye mighty spirits of the victor, slain,  
Wolfe, Nelson, Abercrombie, rise again ;  
Burst the dire cearments of the silent tomb,  
And smile exulting in your happier doom ;  
Boasting, with conscious and with virtuous pride,  
That in your country's cause ye conquering died ;  
Not fated, in life's evening, to defame  
A youth of honour with an age of shame ;  
Joining the efforts of a factious crew,  
To Interest's venal dictates only true ;  
Who, like the thief, in midnight's favoring hours,  
When flames devouring wrap the city's towers ;  
In the dark work of desolation toil,  
And aid the ruin, so they share the spoil.

\* We doubt whether it should be Malagrida, or Malgrida.

AN ESSAY,  
A LA MODE DE MONSIEUR COBBETT.

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*How far the present System of Education in this Country is calculated to promote the real Purposes of all Education.*

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MR. SATIRIST,

THE definition of EDUCATION may, I conceive, be properly expressed in these terms, “the improvement of the powers and faculties of nature, as conducive to the design of our existence.” The objects of our consideration, therefore, will be—the purposes of our existence—the powers of nature—the manner in which they should be applied—and, lastly, how far the present education of this country consults each of these particulars.

Lord Bolingbroke has excellently observed, that the drift of all philosophy and all political speculation ought to be the making us better men and better citizens. The purposes of our existence consist in the full performance of the duties incumbent upon us as individuals and as members of society: the former, Sir, are those which belong to man considered in his abstract nature, or such as he owes to himself, and consist in a proper conduct of his passions, and a strict regard to the immutable rules of virtue and the restraints of reason; the latter consist in active exertion to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind. Nor will this explanation of our moral duties appear improper or too extensive [as if originating from the fanciful notions of a chimerical speculatist, like my crack friend, Mr. W\*ndh\*m], when I explain what I mean by promoting the happiness of mankind, and shew that it is neither inconsistent with our own enjoyments, nor beyond the influence of our powers. Indeed, it is al-

most unnecessary to prove that the happiness of mankind may be promoted without the individual's injuring or diminishing his own. When the trifling wants of nature are supplied, it depends too much upon the mind not to be materially influenced by the consciousness of having done our duty, and contributed to the joy and the comfort of others. The limited powers of human nature do indeed confine our exertions within a small circle of society ; but, by promoting the welfare of a part, we promote the welfare of the whole. It is by a co-operation of parts for this great purpose, that the happiness of mankind (as far as the immutable laws of humanity may admit) will at length, I hope, be effected. Our duties as members of society may be performed by engaging in some public station, in some profession or employment, by advancing knowledge or increasing virtue ; in short, by pursuing those means which reason points out as best adapted for producing all the good we may be able to effect.

Having considered the purposes of our existence, or the objects to which the actions of men should be directed, the next thing to be considered, Mr. Satirist, is the powers with which Nature has endowed us for their accomplishment, and the manner in which these powers should be applied. These may be divided into two classes, mental and bodily. The latter for performing all the mechanical and manual operations, which are necessary for preparing the various productions of nature for the uses of life. The mental powers are reducible to three heads ; memory, reason, and imagination ; upon a due cultivation and proper application of which must, in a great measure, depend that happiness of which the king and the beggar, the illiterate and the learned, are equally in pursuit. It would be foreign to the design of my essay, Sir, *as being too extensive a subject* to enquire minutely into the application of the bodily powers. Suffice it to say, that proper and



sufficient exercise is necessary to such a state of body as may best promote the energies of the mind. With regard to the cultivation of the mind, or the manner in which the mental powers should be applied, to me it seems most evident, that not a few useful deductions, and no small advantages might be derived from observing the comparative advances of its different powers towards maturity. In order to institute this comparison, let us consider (what was discovered by the genius, and is now established by the reasoning, of the immortal Locke), that there are but two modes of acquiring ideas, those indispensable sources whence knowledge must be derived, namely, sensation and reflection : the latter being subsequent to, and dependent upon, the former, the former should be the first object of our attention. And in this, as in all other things, though nature must be the *primum mobile*, and bestow upon us those senses which belong to the human frame, in order to communicate the ideas of sensation ; yet, perhaps, by presenting the proper objects, those ideas might be excited at an *earlier*, of which children are often ignorant at a too *advanced* age.

As sensation acts by means of the memory, *i. e.* as the memory is the mean whereby the ideas of sensation are preserved, and these ideas are the first communicated, in order that we may draw advantages from the mental powers as early as possible, we should first chiefly appeal to the memory. And I cannot but agree with Locke, in his *Essay on Education*, when he says: “ it is evident, that strength of memory is owing to a happy constitution, and not to any habitual improvement got by exercise.” Order, and method, and the causing a child frequently to reflect upon such ideas as you wish him to retain, are the only means by which you can apply the memory to its earliest and greatest use.

Reason, the sovereign faculty of the soul, is certainly

capable of improvement, though we know not to what extent. In some men it is by nature so powerful, as to penetrate the mists of error, and to discover the truth in every subject with which they are conversant.\* In others it is so weak that they can neither form a just judgment of the past, nor have any foresight of the future. The methods, therefore, which must be adopted for its improvement in different persons, must be left to the sagacity of the tutor, whose penetrating eye can discover the respective strength or advancement of different capacities. Though thus much I most confidently affirm, that whatever is not in some measure level with the capacity of a child,—so that the difficulties he may meet with, may rather impel him to overcome them, than involve his ideas in obscurity,—is unfit to be taught, till he shall be more able to comprehend the meaning of the subject. *Experto crede Ruperto.*

So much of that existence, of whose shortness so many are ready to complain, ought to be employed in the active duties of society, that *ALL studies*, which do not tend to render us better men and better citizens, ought to be discarded as foreign to the real purposes of education. Nay, Sir, I will go further; I assert, *meo periculo*, that all such as are *less* conducive to that end ought, invariably, to give way to such as are *more*. The prime objects of our attention should be—moral virtue, an acquaintance with nature, and a knowledge of our duties as members of a particular community: the two first, to prepare us for the performance of our duties which belong to us in our individual, the last, in our social capacity. I would not, however, Mr. Satirist, be understood to mean, that all studies indiscriminately, which do not *directly* inculcate the principles of moral virtue, or fit us for the part we have to act

\* Mr. Cobbett is himself a grand instance.

in life, are improper. No, Sir; whatever tends to soften the passions and meliorate the heart has an *immediate* and powerful influence on our virtue: whatever strengthens the powers of reason, does, perhaps, greater service to the world than *seven years* devotion to the minutiae of any particular profession.

If such were the matter taught, if such modes of teaching it were adopted in EDUCATION, the happiest effects would ensue: namely, skill in individuals in their respective professions, an acquaintance with their duties in their public capacity, and a general increase of virtue and happiness. I appeal to Mr. COBBETT as my witness, my champion, and my *proof*.

Mr. Satirist, the purport of this essay was to call your attention to the present state of education. Never, but by these means, can I or Mr. COBBETT hope to see its errors corrected, or the system itself improved.

*What are the advantages of the classics?* The reasons for which any language should be studied are two; either the MATTER it contains, or the style or EXPRESSION. In the dead languages, the former reason vanishes, because “all that is useful in them, either has been, or would soon be translated into our own tongue, when the learned found a demand for their endeavours in this way.”\* That their style or expression deserves our imitation, it would be as unjust as it is unnecessary to deny. But the acknowledged copiousness of our own language, the wonderful energy of diction that would be acquired by attentive perusals of our own excellent authors, render the study of the dead languages *needless*, if no further end can thence be attained. That “a language which has sufficient resources within itself, requires not foreign embellishments, or the aid of foreign authors to call forth its beauties,”† it may be suffi-

\* Mr. Cobbett.

† Mr. Cobbett.



clent to cite the Greek as an instance; for the Greeks despised all other nations as *barbarians*, and refused to adopt either their manners or their language. Nay, we ourselves have a splendid instance in Shakspeare; whose expressions, the finest ever produced by the most cultivated genius, proceeded from the pen of an author unskilled in ancient literature. It may possibly be objected (by pedants) that, in many respects, his style deserves the severest censure: but had the sweet bard of Avon lived in *this* age, when he could have received the active assistance of elegant and polished writers, (such as Robert Southey, Walter Scott, Wm. Wordsworth, and Capel Lloft, in one department of composition, and John Gale Jones, Charles Sedley, Thomas Hague, and Mr. Cobbett, in another)\* he would soon have proved to the world, (or at least to those arbiters of Northern taste, the editors of the *Edinburgh Review*) that “*a certain style*” may be acquired.

Notwithstanding what has been written, Mr. Satirist, I am free and eager to admit, that “the tenets and *evangelical* doctrines of religion are yet far from being unanimously and universally established.”† I, therefore, esteem classical knowledge an indispensable requisite for the clergy still. Not that the doctrines of religion, or the principles of morality receive much advantage from being read in the original Greek; but because, if the study of Greek were neglected by *all*, we should imperceptibly lose the very power of correcting those manifold errors, which some fashionable sects have adopted.

ALL other professions, however, require that men should be early engaged *in the world and its active employ-*

\* Our readers know, that the SATIRIST entertains a very different opinion of these gentlemen.

† Rowland Hill.

ments, and not waste the whole of their youthful existence in preparing for duty. So numerous are the works (the necessary works) of our own countrymen in every department of science, which demand attention, that these, of themselves, are more than sufficient to occupy a student's youth.

Nothing but a conviction that TRUTH should be the sole object of a philanthropist's research, could have prevailed upon me, Mr. Satirist, to trouble you with even this short disquisition. The Rev. Vicesimus Knox [O! nomen magnum et præclarum!] gives us a pretty decent sample of the severe insinuations that may be thrown out against those who dare, like me and Mr. Cobbett, to depreciate CLASSICAL LEARNING. But, if we may be permitted by our antagonists to judge of causes by effects, education is still far distant from its AKMH of advancement; nor can we ever hope for its nearest approaches to perfection, till (in order to fulfil the duties incumbent upon them as individuals and as members of society) men shall think MORALITY and RELIGION the paramount ingredients of good public and private education: till, in short, as Lord Bacon expresses it, "Donum rationis, divinitus datum in usus humani generis et ad sublevanda vitæ humanæ incommoda impendant."

Your's, &c. &c.

Ti Tum Ti; Philo-Cobbett.

### A WARNING.

MR. SATIRIST,

ARE you mad, or have you as little feeling for yourself as you have for other people? Here have you been for these twelve months past lashing and flogging away without mercy, till you have almost flayed your victims, and have

rubbed their raw backs with your salt (you may call it Attic if you like) till they have roared with the smart, and almost gone mad with pain. But do you imagine that you are to proceed at this rate for ever without check or molestation? Or do you fancy yourself invulnerable, that you thus seem to set yourself above all fear? Do you think that those whom you have tortured have not the inclination or spirit to avenge themselves, or are you so confident in your own strength as to despise their power? It is said that an army of ants will destroy an elephant, and pick him clean to the bone. You had better look about you, Mr. SATIRIST. You are up to your neck in hot water, you have thrust your head into a hornet's nest, and if you escape in a whole skin, you must be one not of the common order of mortals.

Whatever you may think of the matter, however, I can tell you, you have more enemies than friends: I know you will say, that you do not doubt it, for that fools and rogues are more numerous, by ten to one, than the wise and good. But, in my mind, an enemy is an enemy, let him be good or bad; and if I am to be stabbed in the dark, it is no matter to me, whether the assassin be a fool or a philosopher.

But, if you apprehend no absolute or serious danger from those whom you have goaded and irritated into frenzy, it is impossible for you to escape many disagreeable circumstances which must occur in your present pursuit. If you clap asses ears on every fool that falls in your way, can you expect that you should not be stunned by their braying? And if you take every dirty knave you meet by the nose, or roll him in the kennel, you must not wonder if your fingers are now and then soiled, or if you are bespattered with a little mud as soon as your back is turned.

I go nowhere now, indeed, but I hear you abused: I will only instance to you a conversation which took place the



other night in a company where I was present, from which you may judge in what sort of estimation you are generally held. A fine woman with very prominent beauties, which she is too good-natured ever to veil, asked a notorious novelist, who stood near her, if he had seen the last SATIRIST. "Oh! faith, no," replied he: "I never look at it—it is too stupid for me. Very dull, very dull, I assure you—mere trash, upon my honour. I always advise my friends not to read it."

"You do very right," said a grave looking gentleman in black; "since it cannot be agreeable to the friends of any one to see him exposed and rendered contemptible."

"Their subjects," said the novelist, affecting not to hear the remark, "their subjects are so bad, so ill-chosen, that it is utterly impossible that any entertainment can be derived from them."

"They have frequently made *you* their subject, certainly," observed the grave gentleman in black.

"Oh, I dare say, I dare say," replied the novelist; "success is always envied: but I never trouble myself about these matters. Pray, now, do not these witty gentlemen wonder why I have left off writing?"

"Why should they?" answered his tormentor, "since they, as well as every one else, must know that you would write, if you could find a bookseller to buy."

The novelist turned on his heel, and disappeared.

"Upon my honour," said the lady who began the conversation, "we must join our forces to crush these fellows, or we shall positively be all Gothicized. All the little elegant improvements which we have introduced into the polite circles will be destroyed, and we shall become the same as our great-grandmothers in manners as well as appearance."

"No, no," said the grave gentleman in black, "there is little fear of that, I believe."

“ Upon my honour, I don’t know,” replied the lady ;  
“ I only know they never lose an opportunity of having  
a sly twitch at my *tucker*.”

“ I did not know you wore one,” said the grave gentleman in black.

“ Oh, yes, I do, *out of sight*,” answered the lady ;  
“ but they want to pull it up to my chin.”

“ That would be veiling heaven from our eyes,” exclaimed an old beaux, as he ogled the lady’s prominent beauties through his glass.

“ And then,” said another lady, “ they have been most impudently busy about my garters and petticoats : havn’t they, Colonel ?”

“ Yes, and by the powers, have they,” replied her husband : “ and its odds but I’ll be even with them before long, that’s the short of it. Let me only *meet* any of the slanderous poltroons, and you will see how I shall *be after them*, that’s all. I’ll *shoot* them through the head with pistol or *poker*, by J—s.”

“ Oh, the system these SATIRISTS go upon is infamous,” said a thin dry-looking figure in a fantastic dress, with a fashionable drawl ; “ absolutely horrid ; no one escapes them : they won’t leave poor Lady B.’s whiskers alone ; and as for any beauties”—

“ Sleeping or waking ?” asked the grave gentleman in black.

“ Oh; they have not the least notion of gallantry,” said a simpering lady of fifty, whose hair entirely concealed her forehead and part of her *nose* ; “ did you ever see any thing so infamous as their letter to poor dear Lord Sackville ?”

“ Oh, shocking, shocking !” exclaimed the whole company.

“ They have for a long time,” said the lady who wore

her tucker out of sight, "been trying to run down CRIM. CON. It was easy enough to see their meaning, when they pretended to shew its antiquity and advantages; but CRIM. CON. is not to be hurried out of fashionable society by these LOITERERS."

"Banish CRIM. CON.!" exclaimed a gentleman, who not long since recovered large damages in an action where CRIM. CON. was the subject; "Banish CRIM. CON.! what would be the use of a handsome wife then?"

"Let us all stand up for CRIM. CON.," said a gentleman without a nose, "and put an end to these fellows somehow or other. You are an author, my lord," added he, turning to a man who was hanging on the arm of a tall masculine woman, that looked like a HOLLAND frow; "suppose you were to take them in hand, and write them down."

"I am just now going to Spain," replied his lordship; "but I may think of it, perhaps, when I am half-seas over."

"Faith, we must do something," said the gentleman without a nose.

"I and my bear will be a match for them, by G—d!" exclaimed a minor peer.

"Are you sure it is not an ass in a bear's skin?" said the grave gentleman in black.

"Oh, yes; though a minor, I know very well the difference between myself and Bruin. No matter how 'tis done, so we run down these fellows. As for what they say of me, I don't care a d—n."

"Why, surely, it is not possible for them to libel you," said the grave gentleman in black.

"They would libel the devil, if they chose to set about it," replied an Irish Earl. "D—e, if they havn't been down upon \*\*\* for nothing more than because when he got a thing that he liked, he thought proper to secure a stock



of the same breed, and so bought up all the fillies and their dam to boot. Its infamous, by G—."

"Havn't they planted their batteries against the lobbies of the theatre," said another, "and scouted them with grape-shot. Havn't they quizz'd the Society for the Suppression of Vice, played the devil with the Methodists, knocked up their love-feasts, and by all these means checked the regular supplies, and so thinned the markets, as to raise the price of *seducables*? Who the devil is to put up with all this? Why there is not one of us, by and bye, will be able to put his head out of doors, but he will have some damn'd epigram or other from the Satirist thrown in his face."

"They have been down upon your bosom already," said the noseless gentleman, addressing the lady who wore her tucker out of sight.

"Oh, they are welcome to amuse themselves with that," replied the lady; "but they have not left what remained of your nose alone."

"P— on't, they can't well make that worse than it is."

"But in going their round of abuse, unfortunately for you, Lord —, they took *Cripplegate* in their way."

"The sooner we cripple them the better for us," said another; "if we don't, they will knock us up. There are about a dozen fashionable authors that have nothing to do just at present. Suppose we subscribe a purse, and match them against *these SATIRISTS*."

"No, faith, that won't do," answered another of the company; "for they have all been so hard run by them already, that they are foundered, and have not a leg to stand upon."

"Why not hire Cobbett?" said the grave gentleman in black; "they have galled him lately, and he will undertake the job for a trifle."

"No, no," replied Stumpfoot, "he is too notorious."

His defending any question is sufficient to make it infamous. He has given himself the lie too often to be believed now, even if by chance he were to speak the truth."

"I tell you what we'll do," said the thin figure in a fantastic dress; "we will all of us sit down, and write in the character of occasional correspondents, and we will write as well as we can; if the editor of the *Satirist* inserts our communications one month, nobody will read his work the next."

"We must get Monk L—— to do that," observed the grave gentleman in black.

"I have thought of a better way," cried a thin man with a long sallow face and mad staring eyes; "*I, I, I*, have it. You know they have attempted, attempted *I* say, to make *ME* ridiculous! *ME*, *ME*, who have—but *I* will not praise *myself*; *I*'ll settle them; *I*'ll send them a double dose of my opium; that will stupify the dogs. *I* know it by experience."

Here the conversation ended, in consequence of the Dowager Lady B.'s whiskers catching fire. I trust, Mr. *Satirist*, you will think it necessary to look about you, and not to slumber on your post. I have heard many other threats equally terrible; but for the present I suppose this warning will be sufficient.

Your's,

Nov. 5, 1808.

AN ALARMIST.

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### A CASE OF DISTRESS.

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MR. SATIRIST,

SOME months ago I saw in your publication an advertisement to *Journeyman Esquires*; I ran instantly to Wigmore-street, but, to my great mortification, found that I came too late. The situation was so extremely eligible,

that the master of the libel manufactory told me had twenty applications before I came, and had engaged with an Esquire in every respect qualified for his place; that he should be happy at any future opportunity to avail himself of my abilities, which he had no doubt were very splendid, but at present he had no occasion for my services, being quite full of hands. He had shut the door in my face before I had time to reply; indeed I was so chop-fallen at the disappointment, that I scarce found the use of my tongue again till I got back to my garret. Nothing equally desirable having since turned up, I have rubbed on by doing odd jobs for different masters in the same line; but there is very little call for our articles of late, and I should have been starved one week, or have hung myself in despair, if I had not committed suicide on five very respectable persons, for which, at a penny a line, detailing the particulars in full, I received on the Saturday night the sum of fifteen shillings and three pence. Now, Mr. Satirist, as it is entirely owing to you that the libel trade is so dull, you surely won't be cruel enough to refuse a little assistance to help me out of my present difficulties. If any situation, equally eligible with that which you before advertised, should offer, I trust you will have the goodness to give me the first intelligence of it. I flatter myself that it is not only in the libel trade that I should be found useful, but that my abilities would fit me for the situation of methodist preacher, agent to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, or procurer, either for the public nunneries, or a gentleman's private establishment. Or, as I have hitherto been chiefly employed in giving false characters of persons, I might still continue the same system, and taking Sir R. Phillips's PUBLIC CHARACTERS for my model, write panegyrics on the Duke of Q—, the M— of A—h, Lord L—r and Son,



the Countesses of C—— and B—e, T. Hagne, and C. Sedley, &c. &c. I could, if it were wanted, vamp up a good defence of gaming, pugilism, seduction, adultery, or any other fashionable vice; and if scurrility and abuse were desired, I could undertake to supply as large a quantity, of the very prime sort, as could be desired, having been occasionally in training with Cobbett. By the way, between ourselves, I and my apartments were the real objects from which he sketched his fanciful picture of you and your friends, your manners and your habits; though he exaggerated when he talked of “buckets of broth and bullock’s liver,” because, I must say, that for writing no more than a third of his Register, he always allowed me enough to get a cowheel delicately fried with onions at the cook’s-shop for my Saturday’s supper.

If there were any younger brother who wished to pay his court to a rich widow by amatory poetry, I could fit him. I assure you that the most admired pieces in *LE BEAU MONDE* are of my composition: yes, Sir, I am one of those “first literary characters of the age,” who, as the proprietors of that distinguished publication inform the world, “have kindly promised it their support.” But the *Beau Monde* is a damned bad world to live on; and as there is little likelihood of its long supporting itself, it could not support me. It is a very wise maxim which says, run away from a falling house. As it is not probable, however, that many of your readers have ever seen this work, in which my effusions are buried, I think it proper to subjoin the following specimen of my style. I assure you, on my honour, that the lines melted the heart of a rich tallowehandler’s widow, when the flame of her love had been trembling in the socket nearly a whole month, and was almost expired.

TO LAURA.

The rose-bud opes her rosy eye,  
When roscate morn appears ;  
While on her rosy cheek there lie  
Dew-drops, resembling tears.

And thou art like the rose, my love,  
As rosy full thy cheek ;  
Nor in the bower, nor in the grove,  
Is one so fair and sleek !

Wantons the bee upon the rose,  
The honey dew to sip ;  
So would I kiss thy beauteous nose,  
And wanton on thy lip.

In one or other of the above lines I flatter myself I may be found useful ; and, I think, there is little doubt that I should get employment if I could afford to advertise ; but I have really no money, and my credit is gone long ago. Hoping, therefore, Mr. Satirist, as you have been the cause of my distress, that you will think of some way to save me from hanging or starving,

I remain your's, very hungry,

MATULA.

N. B. I can compose every species of quack advertisement that can be required, from a parliamentary candidate's address to his electors down to an eulogy on a blacking-ball ; and have always on hand a regular supply of *affidavits of cure*, &c. from all parts of the kingdom, ready sworn.

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\* \* Having no interest in any of the channels pointed out by MATULA, nor any occasion ourselves for the kind

of services which he proffers, we know no other mode of serving him but that of publishing his letter, which we have, therefore, done ; and we hereby declare ourselves very ready to receive at our office any applications that may be made *personally*, for the purpose of engaging him.

*Satirist Office.*

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## THE CANTAB.

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### No. VIII.

To those who have read the preceding numbers of the Cantab, it will be unnecessary to say much more on the dangers of a university education. Whether its manners are more worthy of admiration than its morality, is a question which we shall endeavour to decide in our succeeding numbers. The catalogue of Cambridge vices is, however, by no means exhausted, and even those *traits* of its moral character, which we have before delineated, may produce a more powerful impression on the minds of those for whom our strictures are intended, by being placed in a different point of view.

It is to be regretted, indeed, that many of the vices of Cambridge are of such a nature, that they cannot be delineated without the grossest violation of delicacy. To detail even the common conversation of an evening, would be to pollute our pages with the grossest effusions of obscenity. If the reader can conceive to himself the turpitude of Petronius, the grossness of Diogenes, and the sensuality of Nero, united in the conversation, and the actions of *one man*, he will have some idea of a Cambridge voluptuary. Every man who has any pretensions to the character of a gentleman, must sing, or talk obscenity ; and those who are foolish or *quizzical* enough to take no de-



light in such proofs of gentility, are excluded from all dashing conversation.

The following sketch is, on this account, much less perfect than it otherwise might have been. We should willingly have gratified the Cambridge men, by a collection of their favourite toasts, songs, and *recitatives*; but as our publication may perhaps fall into the hands of their mothers and their sisters, and as they might probably have very strange ideas of what their sons and brothers call *d—d good fun*, *h—llish witty verses*, and *damnation fine sentiment*, we beg leave for once to be excused. It may be necessary to observe, that no allusion whatever is intended to the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper which does great credit to the morality of its editor.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CHRONICLE.

Nov. 10, 1808.

A few days ago a most tremendous fire broke out in the house of Mrs. —, of Trumpington, which, in a few hours, destroyed the whole of those valuable *premises*. We are happy to hear, that notwithstanding the house was full of company, owing to the exertions of the gowmsmen, who were happily awoke in time, no lives were lost. Great praise is due on this occasion to Sir G. W. and Lord B. The lovely Miss —, who had arrived with Sir G. on the preceding evening, fainted in the arms of her deliverer. Lord B. was equally fortunate in the preservation of his amiable *chere amie*, who suffered no other inconvenience than what proceeded from the fright. We are sorry to add, however, that his lordship's bear, which had accompanied him on his journey, and had been placed in one of the most comfortable stables adjoining, perished in the flames. His lordship bore the afflicting intelligence with the most heroic firmness, and smilingly observed to

his fair companion, that she should now be the only partner of his affection. Several other gentlemen were in the house at the time the fire broke out; but, owing to the disordered state of their habiliments, they were obliged to shelter themselves and companions in the neighbouring cottages. Among the other misfortunes, we are sorry to mention the loss of a valuable manuscript of Euripides, which Mr. Burgess had fastened for security, in the waistband of his small cloaths, but which was consumed in the general conflagration of his apparel. Mr. Hewson Clarke was disturbed just as he had finished the second part of his "*Art of Pleasing*;"\* and, we grieve to add, *sauntered* away without his spectacles. Mr. Peyton was dreaming of *handling the reins* at the moment the alarm was given, but luckily escaped without any other mischance than the loss of his new *varmint hat* and a Greek Testament, which had been put into his box-coat pocket, by mistake, for the Racing Calendar. Mr. Betty was interrupted in the most interesting part of Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, "Am I a king, and is my Joan a lady, I hear, I feel soft things"—and was obliged to leave off in the very middle.

As soon as the melancholy tidings arrived at the university, the impression which it made on the minds of every class of its members, did equal credit to their good sense and their feelings. With an alacrity at once honourable to their activity and their natural humanity, the heads of colleges, and their respectable visitors, set out to survey the afflicting spectacle. To describe the effect which the prospect of the smoking ruins had upon their minds and countenances is impossible. The far greater part of these respectable and dignified members of the university were deeply impressed with the uncertain nature of all sub-

\* The title of a tormenting poem, written by Mr. Clarke.

lunary pleasures, and contemplated with the deepest melancholy the perishing memorials of a structure, in which they had *once* passed many happy hours "with companions such as are not often found," and could not but confess, that they deeply deplored a calamity "which had eclipsed the gaiety of their pupils, and diminished the public stock of harmless pleasure." The heart-felt grief of many of the spectators was visible in their gestures; and even those who were not affected by the remembrance of juvenile exploits and early pleasures, could not help sympathizing with their friends. Dr. Pierce was observed to apply to his waistcoat-pocket more frequently than usual. Dr. Parr "shook his ambrosial curls" in an agony of trepidation. Professor Smythe scanned the first stanza of an elegy with a more slow, and deliberate oscillation of his head than we have usually observed in him. Sir Isaac Pennington exclaimed that he did not feel at all *fal-lal-ish*. Mr. Beverley, (*horresco referens*) declared that he could not have been more deeply afflicted had it been the asylum of his daughter. The Bishop of Llandaff muttered something about *Pitt*, and *letters*, and *fire*, but we could not distinctly ascertain his lordship's meaning; and *little* Dr. Jowett was so greatly affected on the occasion, that he generously offered Mrs. — the use of his *little* garden till her own was cleared from rubbish.

This noble act of generosity paved the way for a subscription, which did not consist in mere pecuniary donations, but in professional assistance. Mr. Wilkins offered his skill in architecture towards the erection of a new building: Lord Altamont engaged to supply it with inhabitants; Mr. Wrangham generously promised Mrs. — the profits of his next publication; Dr. Parr offered all his old wigs, and a Greek inscription for the foundation stone; and, finally, Sir Busic Harwood, Sir Isaac Pennington, Mr. Okes, and Mr. Thackeray, vied with



each other in their offers of professional assistance as soon as the building should be completed.

The company then retired to the opposite inn, where an elegant dinner was provided by Dr. ———. We shall not repeat the good things that set the table in a roar, or attempt to describe the harmony and elegance which distinguished the entertainment, but shall merely observe, that the sorrow of the morning added to the enjoyments of the evening; and that every one retired with the consciousness of self-approbation, and the utmost admiration of the social qualities of his companions!

Yesterday Mr. P. gave an elegant dinner to a large party of university fashionables. Among the rest we observed Hell-fire Dick, the Duke of York,\* several members of the *Varmint Club*, William Whip, Esq. driver of the Telegraph, &c. &c. After dinner the following appropriate toasts were drank.

*The Varmint Club*, by Sir G. W.

*I drink the Whip for evermore*

*So sits I down, and says no more,*

By Mr. Whip (*rapturous applause*).

Mr. P——n having retired for a few moments, was informed, on his return, that his health had been drunk *with three times three*; on which he rose extremely agitated, and almost overpowered by the acuteness of his feelings, which has prevented us from giving our readers a satisfactory epitome of the elegant speech which, had not the violence of his emotions incapacitated him, he would doubtless have made. It spoke, however, so strongly to the feelings of his audience as to produce the most enthusiastic bursts of applause.

The rest of the toasts were of a nature highly laudable, but since they might offend the fastidious delicacy of

\* A character well known in Cambridge.

many readers, we forbear to insert them. Suffice it to say, that after a most agreeable cold collation, the company retired in the utmost harmony.

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A short time ago, — Walker, Esq. of St. Peter's College, in this university, undertook to walk upon stilts five miles in two hours, which, to the great surprise of all present, he accomplished in the short space of one hour and nine minutes.

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Yesterday evening the proctor having received information that several students had been seen in a suspicious house in the neighbourhood of Castle-end, he proceeded thither, together with his assistants, and discovered beneath the bed, Mr. —, of — College. In consequence of its being a first offence, he was dismissed with a severe reprimand; and, sorry we are to add, that the young gentleman has since been afflicted with a severe cold, in consequence of lying in so dangerous a situation.

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#### FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Much the same as last term. The hat continues ten inches in the brim, about two inches high in the crown. It should on no account be above the value of 3s. 6d. The coat is still of a dingy white colour, single breasted, with *tally ho* buttons, reaching to the knees, and completely hiding the breeches, if *they* are thought necessary. Waistcoat red, &c. &c. as usual.

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WANTS A PLACE, as livery servant to any gentleman of the university, a young man who can render himself useful; has been accustomed to college, knows *whats what*, is used to dress ladies in gentleman's cloaths, can get them into rooms, and understands every other part of his business.

WANTS A SITUATION, as *bed-maker*, a young girl about eighteen, who understands every thing about a gentleman.

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POETS CORNER.

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To Celia.

I.

Sweetest pearl of Nature's treasure,  
How you melt my heart with pleasure!  
Dearest mother of blind Love, (*i. e. Venus*)  
How you do my passions move!  
Stay! oh, stay! nor wound my heart  
With thy son's too piercing dart;

II.

ALAS! thy beauties, heavenly bright,  
Dazzle my astonished sight!  
And while I think upon thy charms,  
My tutor shrinks with dire alarms,  
Lest my woe-worn mind should soar,  
Beyond his mathematic lore!  
Oh! sweetest pearl of Nature's treasure  
Love me! love me! without measure!

Trin. Col. Camb.

STREPHON.

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EPIGRAM (BY ONE OF MR. CATTON'S PUPILS).

A student said to me the other day,  
How like you your new tutor friend, I pray,  
To which I answered (*with my varmint hat on*),  
He is a fellow I could almost *cat-on*.\*

W.

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YORIC'S BUDGET.

A tutor having given the other day as a *thesis*,

"Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam  
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit."—HOR.

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\* TO CAT, to v—t.



A student, who had been put out of commons\* for not having his theme ready, marked it thus :

"Qui studet optatam curs-u contingere meat-am  
Sudavit et alsit."

i. e. whoever wishes, *curse you*, to touch the *wished for meat* (optatam meatam), or, in other words, *get into commons*, must *sweat* and *stew* (make themes). The tutor was so pleased at the idea, that he gave him no theme the next week.—*Ohe jam satis!*

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## SECOND-SIGHT.

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### MR. WALTER SCOTT'S INTENDED NEW POEM.

FEW of Dr. Johnson's apparent eccentricities have excited so much ridicule as his defence of Scottish second-sight; a gift which has always been considered by every well-bred Englishman as a proof only of the ignorance and vanity of the Caledonians. The seers of the Highlands have generally been placed on the same level with the witches of our ancestors; and the traveller who would now attempt to prove the truth of their pretensions, would excite as much astonishment in this part of the kingdom as the payment of a tradesman's bill by the right honourable R. B. S——n.

Professing, as we do, the most ardent admiration of Dr. Johnson's "intellectual perspicacity," and the most perfect conviction of his uniform reverence for truth, we were unwillingly condemned to wait in silent indecision till this contest of opinions should be decided by some future journey of Mr. Mawman's; and we were well assured that, whatever might be the discoveries of that ingenious gentleman, they would all have a tendency to

\* Forbidden to eat in hall.

exalt the Doctor in the estimation of the public. It is with peculiar pleasure, however, that we are now able to satisfy our readers on so important a subject of curiosity; and to confirm the opinion of the Rambler, and the reality of prophetic inspiration, by our personal testimony.

As the writer of this article (a Scotchman) was sitting in one of the boxes of Drury-lane theatre, in profound and earnest contemplation of that most elegant and interesting production of "senile juvenility," Caractacus, he was suddenly affected by an indescribable sensation, somewhat resembling the relaxation produced by a dose of opium. The noise of the actors died away in hollow and interrupted murmurs; the "scenes, dresses, and decorations" vanish from his view; and instead of the sacred groves of Mona, the British hero, and great Caesar's palace, he beheld only an elegant quarto, with large type and broad margin, on the title-page of which were inscribed "MAC ARTHUR, an Epic Poem, in Six Cantos, by Walter Scott, Esq., Author of Marmion, &c.: with Notes. London, printed for William Millar, 1809!"

The reader will easily conceive our colleague's exultation at so pleasing and unexpected an appearance. He proceeded to peruse it with an eagerness proportioned to the value of the treasure; and, strange to say, had just got to the last page, when the cry of "Off! off! off!" awoke him from his reverie.

Did we merely consult the amusement of the public, we should be unwilling to diminish their pleasure by an imperfect gratification of their curiosity; but as even the highest literary excellence is sometimes degraded by the faults of haste or negligence, and as we are well convinced that Mr. Scott has both the leisure and the humility to profit by our critical observations, we are not unwilling to hope that what our readers may lose in mere entertainment they will gain in substantial pleasure; and that our

strictures will enable Mr. Scott to render his MAC ARTHUR a correct and finished model of poetical *perfection*.

CANTO THE FIRST opens with a description of the town of Carlisle, a moonlight view of the river Eden, and Charles the Pretender walking on the battlements, Donaldalda, the mistress of a Highland chieftain, who has accompanied Charles into England, falls upon her knees before him, and entreats that he will grant her a boon. Charles tells her that he has no objection to grant her request, provided she will grant another in return. At this moment Charles observes Mac Arthur at a distance, walking upon the lands yclep'd the *Swifts*, which once owned for their master

"The former Lord of Harrowbie,  
Whom broad demesnes, far as eye could see,  
Was held from Arthur's ancestry,  
Whose scutcheon *or* was blaz'd."

Conscious of Mac Arthur's jealousy, and unwilling that he should be seen at that time of the night in close conversation with Donaldalda, he retires with her into a watch-tower, from which he can see the whole of the surrounding country.

"Stanwix, that once was held by tythe  
Of Ferrar's, priest of Cuthbert, blythe," &c. &c.

Here Donaldalda asks a boon, which is, that on *the morrow* the prince will do her the honour to dine with her and Lord Mac Arthur at the guild-hall. Charles readily grants the boon, and then claims his own in return; when, horrible to relate, he demands permission to be the sharer of her bed! Donaldalda is moved with great affliction, but remembering that her *lady-honour* had been passed, and possessing "faith, such as the fair beseems," she unwillingly compromises the matter by complying with his desires in the watch-tower.



CANTO THE SECOND opens with the jealous anxieties of Mac Arthur, who had observed Donalda entering the watch-tower, preceded by a man whose figure he is unable to distinguish, because he only sees the skirts of his garment. With unsteady step he approaches the watch-tower, but is prevented from entering it by the sentinel; and, having forgotten the pass-word, is obliged to retire, wan and disconsolate. Unconscious whither he wanders, he at length arrives at the *hill of Harrowby*, standing upon which he is descried from the window of the watch-tower by Charles, who, inflamed by love of Donalda, and resolved to secure her to himself, rushes on the battlements, and seizes a culverin, which he levels at the head of Mac Arthur, but which being loaded only with powder, the wadding whizzes by his head, and sets fire to a haystack, of the combustion of which we are presented with a very picturesque description. Recovered from his reverie, Mac Arthur sees Charles on the battlements in the attitude of firing. Stung with rage, he takes out a pocket-pistol, and fires at the prince: but, *happily* missing his aim, the ball enters the window of the watch-tower, and penetrates the bosom of Donalda, who *falls* dangerously wounded!

CANTO THE THIRD. The parties are introduced embracing each other, and uniting their efforts to console the unfortunate Donalda. Her chief regret arises from her not being able to preside at the entertainment prepared for the prince, but she is considerably relieved by his gracious promise, that he will do himself the honour of dining with her on any day after her recovery. Her speedy convalescence is the consequence of this condescending declaration; and on the morrow she has so far recovered her strength and spirits as to be able to set out with the army on its march to Derby. The incidents of the journey are here detailed with great elegance and precision. Charles

nobly resolves to lead his army on foot, and one of his *hose* being much worn since his entrance into England, he is unfortunately so much blistered in the soles on his arrival at Newcastle, that he is obliged to halt with his whole army, and to establish his head-quarters at the sign of the *Cat and Bull-Dogs* in *Denton-chace*. Here the prince meets with a captain of a ship, who tells him that he has on board a cheap bargain of French handkerchiefs, half a dozen of which he purchases as a present for Donalda. One of them he gives as a token of friendship to the *Laird Mac Arthur*, who incautiously displaying it on the quay-side, is seized by a press-gang as a smuggler, and carried on board a tender.

CANTO THE FOURTH. Charles hears of Mac Arthur's accident, and sends a party of soldiers to release him; while they are gone for that purpose, he presents Donalda with one of the French handkerchiefs. She seizes it with anxious eagerness, looks at the corner, finds the mark M. D., and falls into a fainting fit. Mac Arthur is now brought in, attended by the detachment and the captain of the tender, who turns out to be the very man from whom the prince purchased the handkerchiefs, and who had released Mac Arthur as soon he was acquainted with the charge against him. *As soon as Donalda sees him she recovers from her fit*—exclaims “my dear, dear Hudson!” and sinks into his arms. Charles and Mac Arthur are stung with jealousy. The captain is put under a guard, Donalda is confined to her litter, and the army proceeds on its march to Derby.

CANTO THE FIFTH. On their arrival at Derby the captain is examined. He relates, that he once lived on the shore of St. Kilda; that about twenty minutes past one in the morning he was awaken'd by the screams of a human being in distress; that he groped his way to the beach, and brought home upon his back a female, wet,

breathless, and exhausted ; that having no fire, and but one bed, they were obliged to share it ; that she speedily revived, and expressed the most heartfelt thanks for the preservation of her life ; said that she had been overset in a boat : that the ship to which she belonged (which had brought her from the Eastern ocean) was only a little way off the coast, and that the sailors would most probably call for her at sun-rise ; that during this discourse he fell fast asleep, and when he awoke in the morning found that the fair one had vanished with his last new suit, and left behind her her own wet habiliments, and the bundle of handkerchiefs which the prince had purchased ; that he immediately arose, and was just in time to descry the sail bearing away from the island ; that the total darkness in which they were involved had prevented them from seeing each other's countenance, or knowing one another, but by the accident of the handkerchief ; and that this was the whole verity, and nothing more.

CANTO THE SIXTH opens with a splendid entertainment at the *Puss in Boots*, at which Donalda presides. While they are at dinner word is brought that Captain Hudson had escaped, and given information to the English, who were on their march to Derby. The RETREAT, the BATTLE, the imprisonment of Mac Arthur, his execution, and the elevation of his head on Temple Bar, the final union of Captain Hudson to Donalda, neice to the Duke of Leinster, and Princess of Abadabad, and the ceremonies of the nuptials, the illumination of St. James's Palace, and the minuet of Queen Caroline and George the *Second* CONCLUDE THE POEM.

Such is the outline of the story, which, as our readers will perceive, is extremely interesting, and peculiarly well adapted for the loftier flights of poetry. Much, however, as we admire the *tout ensemble* of the tale, there are some parts of it to which we would call Mr. Scott's most careful



observation. It is not sufficiently accounted for in what manner the lady preserved herself on the beach, or how a female, wet, breathless, and exhausted, could contrive to save from the wreck a bundle of French handkerchiefs. Did she carry them about her person for fear of a catastrophe similar to Hudson's? or was she rowing the boat to land for the purpose of selling them? These questions, we trust, the ingenious author has answered satisfactorily in his preface, which our colleague's impatience to peruse the poem itself did not permit him to examine. We would likewise advise him to consider whether there be not something indecorous in the sudden intimacy of such total strangers as Hudson and Donalda, especially as we know many ladies who would sooner have died than have done any thing so indelicate.

Let us now proceed to the imagery and versification. In these, though there be a few faults, there is much to praise. Of this, however, the reader will judge by the following extracts.

The description of the entertainment at Derby is in our author's best style. We cannot refrain from presenting our readers with this delicious *bonne bouche*.

## XVII.

And now arrived the hour of three,  
The hour of rout and wasselry;  
When straight the tintinnabulum  
Call'd them into the dining-room;  
Where every knight and maid might view  
The bright array, in order due;  
And every hungry guest might feel  
The comforts of a dainty meal.

## XVIII.

Why need I linger to relate  
The *festis* hospitable state;

How bright the glittering sideboard shone  
 With *borrow'd* splendor *not its own* ;  
 Suffice the curious wight to know,  
 The order made a goodly shew ;  
 And ne'er before nor since was seen,  
 Or knives so sharp, or plates so clean.

## XIX.

In wicker chair, of lofty state,  
 The noble Dame Donalda sate,  
 Array'd in purple dimity,  
 Whose dark blue eyes, and full round breast,  
 Shew'd her far-fam'd, above the rest  
 In lady-like sublimity ;  
 And round her throng'd a numerous train  
 Of officers and waiter-men.

## XX.

The next on seat of honour plac'd,  
 The Prince the costly banquet grac'd ;  
 His sparkling eyes, his cheeks red glow,  
 The drops that down his forehead flow  
 Upon the cloth-white plain below ;  
 His mouth oft op'ning wide,  
 The rattling of his loaded plate,  
 Shew'd that no troublous forms of state,  
 From oyster-sauce, or goodly cate,  
 Could draw his mind aside.

## XXI.

The noble hostess joy'd to see  
 The gallant Prince eat lustily.  
 Her witching glance Mac Arthur view'd,  
 And hour of invitation rued,  
 That brought the fair Donalda near  
 The object of his jealous fear ;

But soon he feels his rage subside,  
 For rose a savoury smell ;  
 The more his nostrils snuff'd, the more  
 His stomach *straight* did *swell* ;  
 And every eye was turn'd to see  
 What such a goodly smell might be !  
 When, lo ! upon the sideboard plac'd,  
 With mottoes quaint, and scutcheons grac'd,  
 And crest erect on high ;  
 In noble dish of china-ware,  
 Adorn'd with gold and pictures rare,  
 Stood, and perfumed the neighbouring air,  
 A lofty pigeon-pie !  
 And round its edge, in *bas relieve*,  
 The curious gazer might perceive  
 S. W. and P. I. !

## XXII.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 Knows well, no doubt, the curious sage,  
 And poet's mind, and head of age,  
 What such devices mean ;  
 Who made this pie, of high renown,  
 A baker was, of Derby town,  
 His sire reap'd beards at Horsleydown,  
 An honest wight, I ween ;  
 His sister a damsel of Etwall-Ash,  
 His mother a matron of Enfield-wash,  
 And laundress to the Queen !  
 And long could he trace his ancestry,  
 Too long for my *weak minstrelsy* !

(*Want of room prevents us, at present, from amusing our  
 readers with further extracts.*)



## PHRODISIA.

"Oh Heavens! that such *empiricks* thou'dst unfold,  
And put in ev'ry honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascals naked through the world."—OTHELLO.

INDEED, Mr. Satirist, the present is not without reason denominated the age of invention, speculation, and improvement. Numberless are the instances which may be adduced of the wisdom, genius, and enterprise of modern adventurers, over those existing in the obscure ages of our great-grand-papas and grand-mamas. The newspapers daily teem with notice of the wonderful cures wrought on suffering humanity: we are continually invited to the inspection of some curious contrivance, engine, or apparatus, by which every mortal ill is either immediately remedied, or altogether prevented, and death (*quod omnibus erat communis*, pardon my pedantry) is now, if credit be attached to these immaculate vehicles of information, an enemy we may safely set at defiance. Nay, the miracles of Bethesda are trifling, when compared to those effected by the illustrious Solomon, of balm of Gilead notoriety.

Nor are the public journals alone the only sources by which we are taught to feel our astonishing superiority—not an hour, I had almost said, not a moment is suffered to elapse, without an offering from that huge and inexhaustible milch-cow, the Press, in the shape of a pamphlet, poem, or card of intelligence, corroborative of it. Why, Sir, it was but the other day that the one, now annexed *verbatim*, was put into my hand by a smock-faced self-sufficient coxcomb, desirous of my patronage and support of an undertaking which he confidently assured me was by far the most extraordinary and efficacious ever yet submitted to the notice of the public—and long a desideratum in the British empire—from which it will be seen, that we are not only to live free from complaints, disease, and casualty *ourselves*, but that, by the adoption of

the means here prescribed, we are guaranteed from all possibility of failure in handing down our names to future ages, through a long train of descendants. Hear his own words——

*“ This day is published, by the Author, and sold by Messrs. Parsons and Son, 46, Ludgate-hill, Price 1s. ”*

“ PHRODISIA; or, Observations on the Means of promoting conjugal Happiness, highly interesting to the Sexes; with a succinct Account of the extraordinary CESTUS of HEALTH and VIGOUR. Invented by VINKATY RANA NAIGUE, HUCKEEM, or Physician to his Highness, the late Mahommed Ally Kawn Wallajah Behauder, Nabob of the Carnatic.”

The reverse side of this exquisitely delicate morçean runs thus :

“ Si quid novisti rectius istis

Candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum.”—HOR.

“ It must be well known to most Europeans who have visited India, that the Huckeems, or native physicians of Asia, are possessed of remedies of sovereign efficacy, as Aphrodisiacs for the cure of impotence in the male sex, and sterility in females; the late Nabob of the Carnatic, Mahommed Ally Kawn Wallajah Behauder, is said to have had born to him by the ladies of his Zenana, not less than 758 children, in the space of thirty years; during which period a single abortion did not occur to any of his numerous favourites: circumstances which his Highness uniformly attributed to himself, and their constantly wearing Aphrodisiac girdles, the invention of his Huckeem, Vinkaty Rana Naigue, who communicated the secret for preparing them to Sir Paul Joddrell, also many years physician to the Nabob; from whom it descended to the present possessors. This is an elegant satin girdle, enclosing an amulet in the centre, which is to be placed on the spine, at the small of the back, and tied round the waist: \* \* \* \*” The rest is too indecent to be quoted.

Struck by the reasonable charge of a pamphlet, promising so much and such *valuable* information, I lost no time in purchasing it; but if my curiosity was excited by the card, how much more so was I elevated by the Huckleem's publication. Good God, Sir! The frisky lucubrations, the billing-and-cooing of Sulmo's favourite bard, and the *little* compositions of the matchless Moore, are nothing to it. Mark the triteness and appropriate application of a motto from Horace's Epistles:

"Quæritur argentum puerisque beata  
"Creandis uxor"—————

Isn't it fine?—Then he proceeds to an analysis of the temperament of the inhabitants of Asiatic climes, and familiarly observes, that "the Prophet of Mecca could not have desired more powerful means of attracting proselytes to his creed, and followers to his banners, than by promising to the faithful, 'after they have shuffled off this mortal coil,' as a recompence for the deprivations, misfortunes, and miseries they might endure in this world, the possession of a race of female spirits or *houris*, endowed with everlasting beauty, and himself with never-failing vigour!" \* \* \* \* \* the sequel, Sir, is rather too rich for your female readers.

What a pity it is, Sir, that a benefit so inestimable, should be confined in its circulation from a circumstance so paltry, so undeserving of consideration, as a few guineas! and what a field is now open to the patriot of evincing his attachment to his country and sovereign! If, Sir, in these days of partnership and associated bodies, a few spirited *amateurs* would form themselves into a society for distributing the Aphrodisiac Girdles, or cestus of health, vigour, and animation, to the poor, and to the three regiments of guards, at a rate within the compass of their means; we should, in a very short time, witness the increasing population of our metropolis, and the King



(God bless him!) would experience no difficulty in augmenting his ranks. Meanwhile, I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant, and constant reader,  
 67, Alsop's-Buildings, PHILO-APHRODITES.  
 New Road, St. Mary-le-bone.

~~~~~  
 To the Conductor of the Satirist.  
 ———

SIR,

CONVINCED that I possess your friendship and good wishes, I know that your feelings will not be less painful than my own, when you learn that the severity of your strictures has caused divers magnanimous but bloody-minded persons to seek *my destruction*.

Although I have no objection to share the public approbation which your successful efforts to expose and castigate villainy have obtained, I am by no means anxious to monopolize the resentment and vengeance of your enemies; and must, therefore, candidly assure you, that it is neither my wish nor intention to *die* in the cause of your admired publication. So many gentlemen and others have declared that *I* am the Editor of the SATIRIST, that really, Sir, unless *you* convince me to the contrary, I shall be induced to believe them. Several letters have also been addressed to me, demanding, in language somewhat peremptory, whether I *was* or was *not* that terrific personage, and other equally important information.

All these were punctually answered in such a manner as I conceived neither compromised my own character as a private gentleman and a man of honour, nor your's as a public censor and an independent writer. The whole of this correspondence should have been consigned to oblivion, had I not been informed that *some* of the parties concerned had embellished their account of certain collateral circumstances with a little *poetical* ornament; which renders it absolutely necessary for me to publish the sol-

lowing letters ; and it is my further intention to transmit you, FOR PUBLICATION, *all* of a similar nature which I may hereafter receive.

## No. 1.

" To Mr. Manners, Queen-square, Westminster.

" SIR,

" I call'd at your residence, in hopes to have had an interview on a subject which the enclosed letter to you, from my friend the Hon. Col. Mullins, indicates. I trust you will *lose no time* in affording me an *early* communication on this affair; and waiting your *speedy* appointment of time, and place of meeting, either at your house, at my house, or elsewhere.

I am Sir,

Your obedient servant,

" No. 58, Gloucester-place,

" PETER WALKER."

" Portman-square. Saturday, May 28th, 1808."

## No. 2.

Enclosed in the preceding, and addressed

" To Mr. Manners, Editor of the Satyrist.

" SIR,

" Yesterday I have been made acquainted that a false and scurrilous insertion has appeared in a late publication, called the Satyrist, of which I am informed you are the Editor.

" Most of my acquaintance have advised me to treat the slander with silent contempt, as it reflects disgrace only on the *lying* fabricator: contrary, however, to their advice, I have come to a determined resolution to unmask the author of detraction, to shew to the world that the slanderer of innocence is generally a coward, in which degraded character I shall exhibit him to public view, *unless* he atones himself immediately. I now apply to you, Sir,

to give up his name, otherwise I must fix it on yourself, and act accordingly.

"I refer you to the gentleman who is the bearer of this letter for further particulars.

May 28th.

WM. T. MULLINS."

From the latter epistle you will perceive that elegance of language and irritability of disposition are not the only distinguishing marks of the Colonel's Hibernian origin. There is something so peculiarly characteristic in his determined resolution to exhibit the poor devil of an author to public view if he remains *incog.*, that, notwithstanding the gravity of the subject, I cannot refrain from laughing most heartily whenever I read the sentence.

I have frequently had the honour of meeting Colonel Mullins in private society; but why he should have written to me on the subject of his *slandered innocence*, I am at a loss to imagine. If you, Sir, have, in any way, libelled his virtue or his modesty, on your head should his vengeance fall.

The Colonel's letter, having been addressed to me as "Editor of the Satirist," was not answered; but as his friend, Mr. Walker, had not dignified my name with that honorable addition, I sent him a reply to the following effect, and have not since received any message whatever from either of those gentlemen.

### No. 3.

"To Peter Walker, Esq. No. 58, Gloucester-place.

"SIR,

"I did not receive your letter till late yesterday, which will, I trust, be deemed a sufficient apology for not having returned you a more early answer.

"I was not a little surprised to find enclosed a note addressed to me as 'Editor of the Satirist:' a title which Colonel Mullins was certainly not justified in adding to



my name. I, however, do not hesitate to declare, that even supposing the application to have been correct, nothing should induce me to give up the name of any person who had honoured me with a confidential correspondence.

"I am not able to discover from the Colonel's note what the slander is of which he complains. I shall certainly not assume the character of champion to the Satirist, but from my knowledge of the gentlemen concerned in that publication, I am confident that they would be the last men in the world to become wilfully the calumniators of innocence: indeed they have the satisfaction to know that they have been the means of crushing many disgraceful characters who lived upon the fruits of slander.

"I beg, Sir, that in communicating my sentiments to Colonel Mullins, you will do me the justice to assure him, that none of the epithets which he has applied to the author of some paragraph in the Satirist attach to myself; and that I shall most *eagerly resent any personal insult*; which I am sure he, as a gentleman and a man of sense, will not think of offering. If he suspects that any allusions or reflections in the Satirist relate to him, he must be aware that, by making his suspicions known, the curiosity of the public will be materially excited; and that the application, however unjust, will become general.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

May 30, 1803.

G. MANNERS."

I shall only relate one more instance of the *alarming* consequences which your exasperating remarks have produced.

In your last number you had the rashness to publish some extraordinary anecdotes relative to one Peter Finerty; and to inform your readers how ridiculous he had

made himself at the late meeting of the inhabitants of Westminster. The poor creature read your work—saw his name publicly mentioned as having been in the society of two or three persons of distinction—became stark mad—fancied himself a gentleman—and actually wrote to the son of a most amiable nobleman, requesting him to demand of me (for dreadful purposes, no doubt) if I was or was not the Editor of the Satirist?

Now, Sir, have I not cause to address you? Have I not cause to tremble? In the very same article which drove poor PETER wild, you have named a chimney-sweeper and a jackass-driver:\* if they should persuade any young nobleman to wait on me with a challenge—what will become of me? For God's sake, Sir, have some compassion on your persecuted friend, though you continue regardless of your own safety. I have a wife and four children, and if I should fall by the bullets of these tremendous heroes, I very much doubt if you would be able to maintain them.

The following letters have passed relative to the affair with PETER THE WILD BOY.

No. 4.

"To — Manners, Esq. Queen-square.

"SIR,

"Not having had the satisfaction of seeing you when I called at your house this morning, I request you will read the annexed letter, which explains the object of my visit; and I now beg to be informed whether you are or are not the Editor of the Satyrist?

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

"LEICESTER STANHOPE."

"Stable-yard, St. James's,

Monday morning."

\* Vide Satirist, No. XIV. p. 362.

(TRUE COPY.) *Annexed to the last.*

"SIR,  
 " I have just read a most unfounded and malicious attack upon my character,\* in a periodical publication entitled the *Satyrst*: it is reported that Mr. Manners, of Queen-square, is the Editor of that publication. I wish to know whether the report is correct; and shall thank you to call upon that gentleman as soon as possible, in order to ascertain the fact.

I am, &c. &c.  
 " *Clement's Inn, Monday.* P. FINNERTY."†

No. 5.  
 " *To the Hon. Leicester Stanhope, Stable-yard, St. James's.*

"SIR,  
 " I regret much that I was absent from home when you did me the honour to call in Queen-square. You must be aware that, even supposing the fact to be as Mr. Finnerty suspects, there are many insuperable reasons which preclude those concerned in the conduct of periodical publications from avowing themselves: I must, therefore, decline answering the queries contained in your polite note.

As I am not unacquainted with Mr. Finnerty's conduct in his progress from the *shop-board* to his present *elevated* situation as *author*, publisher, and *proprietor* of *Major Hogan's pamphlet*, you must pardon me for observing, that I should have been little less surprised if you had ap-

\* We beg leave to declare, that the attack was neither *unfounded* nor *malicious*.—EDIT.

† This letter we should have supposed to have been written by a *superior* to his inferior.—EDIT.



plied to me in a similar manner on behalf of his brother, the *Tailor of Fetter-lane*. Indeed I am convinced that no son of that universally respected nobleman, Lord Harrington, would have become the bearer of a message from Mr. Finnerty, unless totally ignorant of that person's character and conduct.

I have the honour to be,

Your very obedient, humble servant,

Queen-square, Westminster, G. MANNERS." Tuesday morning."

No. 6.

"To — Manners, Esq. Queen-square, Westminster.

"SIR,

London, 17th Nov. 1808.

"Having communicated to Mr. Finnerty the terms of your reply to my enquiries respecting your connection with the Satyrist, I have just received from him a letter, the copy of which I annex, and to that letter I request your answer. With regard to that part of your letter which refers to points foreign to my enquiry, I consider it as improper to communicate to Mr. Finnerty; and shall only observe, that as justice and liberality prescribe that every man should be estimated by his own conduct and character, my opinion of Mr. Finnerty, whom I consider a high-minded honourable man,\* cannot be affected by any reflections upon the humility of his origin.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

L. S. STANHOPE."

\* We beg leave most respectfully to ask Mr. L. S. Stanhope, if he thinks any "high-minded honorable man" would have been guilty of the following conduct. Some time back a person, *professing himself to be a reporter* for the *MORNING POST*, applied to a gentleman, now high in office, for a copy of an amendment which he intended to move in the House of Commons. Mr. — answered, very politely, that he had no copy by him, except that which he meant to use; but

"P. S. Upon recollection, you alluded to Mr. Finnerty's politics, with which I do not agree; but why should a difference on such a point affect private friendship? Of Mr. Finnerty's connection with Major Hogan I am ignorant; but, in fact, these points have no connection with the enquiries I have to make of you.

(TRUE COPY.) *Annexed to the preceding.*

DEAR SIR,

"I am sorry that I was not at my chambers yesterday,

that if he would take a note to Mrs. — he would write to her for one, which he (Mr. —) would correct, and let him have. This was agreed to, and Mrs. — delivered into the pretended reporter's hands a sealed parcel, addressed to her husband, who, however, neither received it, nor again saw the messenger. Mr. — next morning called on a gentleman connected with the MORNING POST, who assured him that no reporter of that paper would have behaved in such a scandalous manner, and requested him to describe the person who had applied to him; Mr. — represented him to be a middle-sized man, who *squinted most abominably*: this excited suspicion; and, upon referring to the MORNING CHRONICLE, it was discovered that a mutilated copy of the amendment was inserted in that paper, in which Peter Finnerty was concerned.

We have also heard that a gentleman once gave a person of the above description a sum of money to be employed in keeping the report of a crim. cou. action out of the public papers. Some time afterwards he was applied to by another reporter for a recompence, in consideration of his having destroyed his manuscript account of the trial. The gentleman expressed great surprise, declaring that he had given Mr. F— fifty pounds, who informed him that sum would be sufficient to pay all expences: the other replied that it certainly was ample, and it was clear that the money had been pocketed by Mr. F., whom he instantly went in search of; and finding him in the company of a friend, he abruptly demanded a share of the hush-money. Poor F. looked an hundred ways at once, and requested him not to mention their private business in the presence of a third person. "Sir," replied the injured party, "it is highly proper that your friend should know your real character, I shall, therefore, relate to him the whole of the circumstance," which he accordingly did, to the no small annoyance of poor F.—SATIRIST.

when your letter reached it. With regard to the extract which it contains from the letter of Mr. Manners, his declaration is by no means satisfactory to me. I must, therefore, request you to repeat the question you before put to that gentleman, to require a short answer—yes, or no. If he declines to answer in the negative, I shall consider him as the Editor of the Satyrist.

I am, &c. &c. &c.

*Clement's Inn, Wednesday night.*

FINNERTY."

No. 7.

*"To the Hon. Leicester Stanhope.*

"SIR,

"It is perfectly indifferent to me what conclusions Mr. Finnerty may draw from any letter of mine; and I only lament that you did not communicate to him the whole contents of my last.

"Your observation relative to the humility of that person's birth is such as I should have expected from a son of Lord Harrington; and, permit me to add, that when a man's conduct proves him to be "high-minded and honorable," I think him equally entitled to esteem, whether he be the son of a tailor, or of a nobleman. Still, Sir, I am both grieved and surprised at your connection with Mr. Finnerty.

"I agree with you, that men may differ in their political principles, and yet be private friends; but must think any person who has stood in the pillory for sedition an improper companion for a British officer; and am resolved never to be instrumental in conferring on such a character the privileges of a gentleman.

"You must pardon me, Sir, if I decline all further correspondence relative to this affair. The question, which you have twice put to me, is one which no man has



a right to ask, and which no man shall compel me to answer.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,  
Nov. 18, 1808. G. MANNERS."

You, Mr. Satirist, know my loyalty to my King, and my respect for the aristocracy of my country : and you can form a just idea of the indignation which I felt while reading these proofs of Mr. Stanhope's humiliation, and Mr. Finnerty's presumption. That the former must have been most lamentably deceived with regard to the character of the latter is evident ; for it is not to be credited that a man of unblemished honour, who holds a commission in the British army, and whose noble father is most deservedly honoured with the particular esteem of his Monarch, should *knowingly* become the friend and messenger of a wretch who had been *publicly exposed* for sedition ; whose birth is as obscure as his actions have been dishonourable ; and whom I *myself* heard utter, in Westminster-hall, the most odious and indecent allusions to his Sovereign and the Heir Apparent.\*

Now, Sir, if Mr. Finnerty should feel himself aggrieved by any thing that I have written, the courts of law are open to him for redress, notwithstanding the court of *honour* is closed against him for ever.

I wish all my troublesome correspondents to know, that although I am neither a bully in disposition, nor a duellist by profession, I am a gentleman by birth, and a man of honour from principle ; and they may rest assured, that I shall always be ready to support the true dignity of both characters. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Nov. 23rd, 1808. G. MANNERS.

\* This man is now concerned in the *Morning Chronicle* : hence we may account for the disgraceful and inflammatory principles which that vile newspaper promulgates.

## THE LATE DISTURBANCE AT HARROW.

*Triste sonant pulsæ nostrâ testudine chordæ !*

Two years and a half before the SATIRIST entered upon the prosecution of his arduous labours, Dr. Drury resigned the office of head-master in the very extensive school of Harrow; having held it with equal honour to himself, and advantage to his pupils for twenty years: his successor was the present master. Of either of these gentlemen we ourselves know nothing, but by report; and general report [as we stated in No. I. page 80.] yields much praise to the latter, whose private worth, we understand, is only equalled by his public talent. We have just seen, however, a very honorable character of him in a work recently printed;\* and we think we cannot do a greater act of justice, on this particular occasion, than by laying it immediately before our readers. It is no breach of respect to copy a published document.

George Butler was born 1774, and educated solely at his father's seminary, till 1790; when he was admitted a scholar on the foundation of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and in that capacity obtained, repeatedly, exhibitions and prizes, classical and mathematical. In 1794 he took the degree of B. A. when, after a public examination, he was named the senior wrangler and senior prizeman of his year; and being thereupon chosen mathematical lecturer of his own college, became soon afterwards a fellow of that society. In 1797 he took the degree of M. A. and was soon after appointed classical tutor. In 1804 he took the degree of B. D. with great credit,

\* Neild's "Account of the Society established for the Relief of Debtors," 1808, page 569.

and was elected a public examiner in the University. In 1805 he was nominated one of the eight honorary university preachers, and in April of the same year, chosen head-master of Harrow; after exhibiting to the governors of the school, and to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, such honorable testimonials of character, from the chief dignitaries and school-men of Cambridge, as perhaps were never before bestowed on any member of that learned body. He received the degree of D.D. by royal mandate, bearing date the 27th of April, 1805.

What man of honorable feeling could contemplate the appointment of a young scholar, so gifted and so favoured, to the duties of a head master of Harrow, and not heartily wish success to his added labours? None, surely, none!

Nothing is necessary to produce the greatest national good effect, but a solemn conscientious, unshrinking exertion of the legitimate power and authority which are now vested in the masters of our public schools. But a timid complaisance to the boys, an unwarrantable connivance at their irregularities, and a contemptible recourse to half measures in urgent cases, which demand prompt decisive, exemplary, and final coercion, would, in time, utterly annihilate the sense of respect, of duty, and obedience, and, with them, of all virtue. Sound, and sometimes severe, discipline and sound instruction must move together, undivided and inseparable. For more than three years and a half, the school of Harrow has continued to be the well-ordered abode of pleasing study, under the auspices of its new master and his assiduous co-adjutors; several troublesome spirits have been almost imperceptibly removed, many valuable accessions have been made, and, until the 1st of November last, all wore a truly grateful appearance: on that day, the writing-master received some offence, which the monitors chose to punish instead of reporting; the punishment inflicted reached the ears



of the head-master. He instantly reproved the monitors, and they resigned the keys and their functions.

“ Ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri  
Spes:”—VIRGIL *Æn.* ii. 169.

Windows were broken, the highway was beset, and all study was neglected. Meanwhile, the masters were not wanting in duty to themselves or to their unruly charge: they advised, admonished, exhorted, warned them. Letters had previously been dispatched to the parents, friends, and guardians of the ring leaders. A quondam *Harrobian* [whose name we reluctantly conceal,] generously hurried up from Cambridge to urge his deluded young friends to return to the paths of honour. Dr. Butler calmly and resolutely expelled those who would listen to no arguments of affection or of reason. And, on the night of Sunday, 6th Nov. regularity was completely restored; to the satisfaction of none more than of the lately misguided parties.\*

A friend has favoured us with a very interesting account of a *certain inflammatory letter* that was discovered; but we decline all active interference. We sincerely trust, however, that the dirty ————, who sent it from Cambridge, will be, ere long, exposed as he deserves.

\* The following article appeared in the morning and evening newspapers of November 9. “HARROW SCHOOL.—To prevent the circulation of reports, calculated to give uneasiness to persons connected with the school, we are authorized to assure the public, that the late transient disturbance at Harrow is entirely at an end; and that the young gentlemen have returned as usual to the discharge of their duty.”

## HINTS TO LECTURERS.

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GENTLEMEN,

IN commencing your trade of philosophy, happy are you who know nothing, for thus you escape the trouble of getting rid of early prejudices, whilst those who have been unfortunate enough to have learned *any thing*, find extreme difficulty in becoming all at once the pure and unbiassed philosopher.

We will suppose that you have acquired sufficient knowledge not to think of improving mankind by your *example*; but you have a pleasanter mode of doing it by *precept*, and here this wide spread, and wider spreading metropolis, presents a fine field for your exertions.

If you choose the paths of natural philosophy, you may begin with a complete denial of the Newtonian system; but here, if you cannot preserve any great portion of *gravity*, you must take care that there is still some *attraction*, or your scheme will not do. In destroying one system, be careful to have another of your own ready; no matter how complicated or apparently absurd, it will please the ignorant, and as they are most likely to form your audience, it is very proper that they should be amused.

If you are happy enough to possess a *little* polish, with a white hand and a diamond ring, you may commence lecturer on botany: this will soon attract notice, particularly in female auditors, who are wonderful admirers of the sexual system of Linnæus. The gentle amours of the red and white rose, of the carnation and white pink, or the necessity of introducing a *male* into a whole seraglio of *female* palm trees, must be very edifying to the younger part of your audience, whilst the more experienced dowager may lament that she had not been born a simple floweret of the *polyandria monogynia*!

You may expatiate further on the different methods in which the *farina* is carried from plant to plant, when the dear intriguers cannot have personal interviews; and here you may talk of zephyrs winged with love, of the industrious bee carrying *billets doux*, whilst collecting his horned sweets, and of that dear variegated little *pimp* of thousand hues, the butterfly. From this, the transition is easy to the humble glow-worm, who stealing gently through the dewy grass in the autumnal evenings, endeavours by her brilliancy, to attract the regards of her tiny, wanton, wandering lover. All this interspersed with a few sighs, smiles, darts, and Cupids, must surely please.

If astronomy is your forte, I must acknowledge that you have an extensive field; you may tell us all that the stars have been doing these thousand years, for nobody can contradict you; then after leading us to the *farthest verge* of *boundless* æther, you may descend to a few private anecdotes of the solar system, talk of the conjunctions of Venus and Mercury, and tell us, with a smile, that, with the exception of the *conjunctions* and *oppositions*, there are no other signs of matrimony in the heaven, but Saturn's *ring* and Lunar's *horns*!

If geology, mineralogy, and chemistry, are the order of the day, commence your lectures boldly; though you have never been further than the bottom of a coal-pit, yet you may inform us of the different strata to the very center of the Earth: you have now a capital opportunity of manufacturing a system, for you have two great agents ready made to your hand, but you must employ one of them only, so take your choice between *fire* and *water*; but if you attempt to assist the operations of Nature without the help of either, remember the ancient law, "Incidit in Scyllam," &c. These two powerful assistants have been of wonderful use to our system-mongers, and are even considered as being highly beneficial in some of the



humbler purposes of human life; for a certain *learned* writer on the *art of brewing*, commences his essay with this sage remark, "that whoever has brewed a barrel of beer must have observed that *fire and water* are the *principal* agents;" in this point I have no doubt that Mr. Whitbread, and every other *scientific* brewer, will agree implicitly, as it is pretty evident that the other two agents *malt and hops*, have had very little to do of late years.

Be careful to have a sufficient number of terms of art and nomenclature: this shews the profundity of your learning, though you may not know Greek from Hebrew; for were you to talk *simply* of lime or charcoal, iron or clay, somebody might understand you: a thing totally unnecessary, and much to be guarded against.

As your scientific abilities, in this age of universal erudition, may gain you admission into some of the first female seminaries, you may put your knowledge of chemistry to some use, if any of your fair pupils should possess a sufficient quantity of the sterling ore worth analysis; and in the process you may call to your aid the doctrine of affinities and of *elective attraction*. Should the gentle specimen, on which you try your chemical skill, be tired of the scholastic crucible, a few blasts from the blow-pipe of Love will cause her to evaporate *per se*; and you, as a skilful chemist, may arrest and fix her *in descensu*: should the extract still be too volatile, amalgamation with a little of your *native lead* will fix her for life.

But as a man of universal genius, you may not be disposed to confine your abilities to one subject: in this case you may commence *general lecturer*, and have at all in the ring; for this you shall have a few hints *en passant*. You will, of course, have a shewy apparatus. Grown up children are still fond of toys: a whirligig, a windmill, a magic-lantern, a camera-obscura, and the whole

artillery of electrical batteries will set your audience wondering at *your* wonders; and you, like Katterfelto, may wonder at them yourself, unless some experiment should unluckily fail; then, like a *modern lecturer*, you may come off with—"Well, ladies and gentlemen, even in our improved state of science, and with all we know, there is, you see, nothing certain!!!"

After your introductory lecture, you will naturally proceed with *mechanics*; and here you must be prepared to prove, that if A is half as large as B, why then B is twice the size of A! Next shew, that if A moves *continually* in the direction AB, it is not likely that he should ever diverge into the direction BC, because it is an axiom in physics, that all *impossibilities* are *improbable*! You may demonstrate that A, if set in motion, would continue the same *ad infinitum* if nothing stopped him; and that if A and B move through the same space in unequal times, why, then, one of them must be left behind—that's all.

Magnetism will naturally follow mechanics; and here you shew your skill, not only in attracting iron, but also in drawing even gold and silver out of the pockets of your auditors.

Electricity next presents itself, and gives you many favorable opportunities with the ladies, who will all crowd round to be *shocked* by the handsome lecturer. Should any of them choose to be insulated, whilst filling them from your conductor, you may also fill them with flattery.

In your discussion on heat and cold, you may descant on the long winter nights, and on the great advantages of *natural* over *artificial* heat; and perhaps some one of your fair auditors may be induced to become your assistant in a course of experiments on this part of *natural philosophy*.

We will now turn our attention to your lecture on *optics*; and here, after shewing your great knowledge of

dioptrics, catoptrics, &c. you may enlarge in a more familiar style, so as to enable the fair philosopher, whilst sparkling like a constellation in the side-box, to explain the principles of her opera-glass to some wondering, or rather *wondering* beau; which class of gentry, though not liable to be suspected any where else of being philosophers, might here be supposed by a stranger to belong to the sect of *Peripatetics*.

Your course of lectures will call you to the globes and orrery. If you are a fellow of gallantry, here indeed you have an opportunity of pleasing *all* your hearers with allusions to the celestial hemispheres and milky-way, to the frigid and the torrid zones, to the Archer, the Virgin, and the Twins.

Your lecture on air affords you many occasions for moralising on the lightness and vanity of all things; and the thinness of your audience may, perhaps, unfortunately give you an opportunity of demonstrating how near we can approach to a perfect *vacuum*.

But the grand field for a philosopher is metaphysics: here *matter* and *spirit* become your playthings; and you may bandy them about, as the juggler does his cups and balls. You may affix to *spirit* what energies you please; and you may suppose its powers capable of extension even to impossibility: whilst with respect to *matter*, you may either exalt it to Divinity, or debase Divinity to *matter*. As to *spirit*, you may boldly assert, that *spirit* is not *matter*; that *spirit* is every where; and you may then hint your belief that *spirit* is no where. You may express your doubts that *matter* is *spiritual*, and touch slightly on the possibility that *spirit* is nothing but *matter*; in short, it *matters* little which side of the question you take, provided you carry it on with *spirit*. By attention to these hints your system will be *unanswerable*;



and if you are a clever fellow, and know how to reason in the ring, and roll it up like a hedgehog, it will become at all points *untouchable*.

Having thus settled all matters in heaven and upon the earth, there is but one other place to which you can direct your investigation; but *there*, for the present, I will leave you.

CROP THE CONJUROR.

\* \* \* *Out of compliment to our friend Crop the Conjuror, we postpone till next month, the first problems of our Elements of Politics.*

SATIRIST.

## NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

### No. VIII.

THE characters which we have delineated in our preceding numbers have few of those peculiar and striking features which eminently distinguish the present object of our notice. Neither MUTIUS nor ALMERIA are remarkable for any superiority of talent or accomplishments above the rest of the high-bred wantons and noble debauchees who corrupt and disgrace the circles in which they are so unaccountably permitted to appear.

The early period of our present hero's life was distinguished by a combination of qualities sufficient to dazzle for a time the minds of his contemporaries. His eloquence was at once persuasive and commanding; his conversation in the highest degree entertaining and instructive; his manners, though they were always partially debased by the grossness of his later habits, were pleasing; and, in his literary character, he not only excelled every contemporary writer, but approached to an equality with the most celebrated dramatic poets of the preceding century. In whatever he undertook he appeared to rise far

superior to his competitors ; and those who were unacquainted with his moral character, were willing to consider him as the possessor of every excellence that could adorn and dignify human nature.

But it was soon discovered that the splendor of his abilities was only equalled by the profligacy of his moral character. A slave to the grossest and most grovelling sensuality, addicted to every species of debauchery, and a systematic proficient in the lowest artifices of the lowest outcasts of society, he united the vices of the most contemptible of mankind to qualities which would have adorned the brightest periods of Grecian history. If any of his acts of meanness were unfortunately discovered, he felt neither shame nor embarrassment ; and at the moment when he was enjoying the emoluments of a lucrative and confidential situation, he has been detected in the commission of frauds which would have brought a less ingenious and impudent offender to the gallows or the pillory.

But it must not be supposed that his vices were confined to what his friends were pleased to denominate “ inattention to his creditors.” He displayed not merely the indiscretion of youth, but the cool depravity of deliberate wickedness. His eloquence has not been unfrequently exerted in seducing the wives and daughters of his honorable friends ; and he is now exhausting the last remains of mental and corporeal vigor in fruitless attempts to captivate the affections of a young, beautiful, and amiable Duchess. But he no longer possesses the powers of persuasion which once rendered him so formidable an assailant of female virtue ; and the bloated deformity of his countenance, the unwieldy grossness of his person, and the filthiness of his general appearance, are sufficient to extinguish every spark of lawless desire, even in the breast of a J—— or an A——.

Nor have his intemperance and sensuality tended

merely to the debility of his body, they have had an effect equally striking and deplorable on his intellectual powers. He is no longer that "life of pleasure and that soul of whim," whose social and convivial qualities were once the delight and admiration of his fellow profligates. The splendor of his literary talents has been long exhausted. His conversation is only remarkable for witless obscenity; and his later productions instead of displaying the brilliancy of wit, the delicacy of taste, and the knowledge of mankind, which rendered his early writings so delightful, are only remarkable for bombast and nonsense.

Thus has a man, whose declining years might have been cheered by the admiration and the reverence of every class of his countrymen, been reduced by his own wickedness to the lowest state of human degradation; the contempt of the learned, the detestation of the virtuous, and the butt of familiar ridicule to the meanest of the rabble. Instead of enlightening senates by his eloquence, he is but too happy if his buffoonery can excite a laugh among the scavengers of Broad-street.

His mental incapacity is, we are afraid, incurable; but we are willing to hope that it is still in his power to be virtuous. Of some temptations his corporeal debility must render him unsusceptible, and the experience of his later years must have convinced him that the occasional triumph of successful cunning, is but a poor compensation for the continual solicitude of guilty terror.

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#### ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

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Mr. Godwin, author of *Political Justice* and other loyal and moral works, has established a juvenile library for the purpose of enlightening the rising generation.



A General Officer passing through St. James's Palace after twelve o'clock, the centinel on duty of course challenged him with, "Who goes there?" *The Devil*," replied the Officer. "*Pass, Devil, and go to hell*," returned the witty soldier.

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EPIGRAM,

*On its having been ascertained that Cobbett was a Deserter.*

Let us hope that in time Cobbett's mischievous spirit,

Dame Nature will deign to convert :

For the wretch, though at present the foe of all merit,

Has ne'er been averse to desert.

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Messrs. Cobbett, Finnerty, and Hague, have resolved to unite their *virtuous* and *powerful* talents to write down the SATIRIST. Charles Sedley, Esquire, *alias* Ellrington, being out of employment in consequence of the late failure in Wigmore-street, will correct the latter gentleman's productions, who is rather deficient in grammatical knowledge. Poor Cobbett and Finnerty have unfortunately *no* friend to mend their *katology*.

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*A hasty List of some of the Enemy's dismantled Ships, from a very recent Survey.*

LA GRANDE-VILLE, three-decker, a heavy first-rate; copper bottomed, Dutch built; worm eaten, and much in want of repair.

LA PETITE, commandée par HENRI, officier de la Légion d'Honneur, frégate, armée en *flute*.\*

\* The station once assigned to this vessel reminds us of the passage in Virgil, which runs,

"Cantando tu illum? aut unquam tibi *fistula* cerâ

*Juncta* fuit? non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas

Stridenti miserum *stipulâ* disperdere carmen?"

She is built in a hurry, by contract, of unseasoned fir; and has a false keel. She can never live in much weather.

*Pizarre*, an old second-rate. This ship has often been taken and retaken. At the time of the *mutiny at the Nore* she was in our service, and called the *ROLLA*. She is French masted and rigged; but the hull is of seasoned British oak. At present she is in a very shattered plight, has sprung a leak, and nearly foundered, lately, *in port*. It is thought she must soon be broken up.

*L'Egoïste*, a black-painted ship. She has latterly been out of commission. It is said that she was, some time back, sadly mauled, by boarding a suspicious vessel in the night, that proved to be a *fire-ship*, disguised so as to look like *La Nymphe*, or *La Belle Poule*.

*Le Baudet*, commandé par *François*, enseigne de vaisseau. Much incumbered with *Horn-work* on the bow; a bad sailer, *top-heavy*, and in want of ballast: *the crew mutinous*.

These ships are ordered, it seems, to be got ready for sea as soon as the frost sets in. Several other vessels are visible in the inner harbour, with *Admiral's* pendants flying; but they are in a very bad trim in general, and but *half-manned*, for want of pay.

Madame Catalani will certainly produce next season, for her own benefit, a little *bantling*.

*To the Editor of the Satirist.*

SIR,

Since I transmitted you my Correspondence with Mr. L. Stanhope, which has doubtless, ere this, been sent to press, I have received a letter dated this day, from that gentleman. It is merely explanatory of the causes which led to Mr. Finnerty's *elevation* in Ireland; but as it does infinite honour to the writer's heart, I must regret that it cannot be inserted in your publication. I am Sir, &c.

Nov, 25, 1808.

G. MANNERS.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### FIAT JUSTITIA!

*A Letter to His Royal Highness the Duke of York, or an Exposition of the Circumstances which led to the late Appointment of Sir Hew Dalrymple; and an Inquiry into the Question, whether he, His Royal Highness, as Commander in Chief, or His Majesty's Ministers, be most responsible to the Country.* By Thomas Hague, printed and published by W. Horseman, 8, Hanway-yard, Oxford-road.

WE enter upon the examination of this vile pamphlet with apprehension: not that we fear the malice of the truly contemptible pupil of the infamous Crossley;\* but because we tremble lest the indignation, which glows in our breasts, should betray us into language inconsistent with our characters as gentlemen, and our dignity as critics. We know the sordid, the execrable intentions of this dishonorable author; we know the disgraceful and degrading means by which he obtained what little information he possesses; and we know, yes, to his confusion, we know, not only his conduct as a writer, but *his character as a man*. We have been told, that, as critics, we have no right to investigate the private actions or objects of any

\* Thomas Hague was the clerk of Crossley, who was accused of being concerned in the forgery of a will, and afterwards convicted of PERJURY.



author, and the remark would be just, if we had merely professed ourselves the arbiters of literary merit ; but, as avowed *public censors*, we should ill-discharge our duty if we reprobated the crime without exposing and chastising the criminal.

Shall a wretch who collects his false and filthy anecdotes from the lips of prostitutes, who employs his own wife to assist him in his dirty task, who having by such infamous means compiled a disgusting libel on some illustrious individual, first endeavours to extort money for its suppression, and afterwards publishes it as the production of an indignant but virtuous ENGLISHMAN : we repeat, shall a wretch who has been guilty of such villainous conduct be suffered to walk the streets, unhooted as an impostor, and undistinguished as a scoundrel? No ! while we have a hand to hold a pen, and an arm to resist a personal outrage ! while judges, who know how to distinguish the exposor of vice from the libeller of innocence, preside in our courts of justice, the SARIRIST SHALL DO HIS DUTY !

Whether Thomas Hague have or have not been guilty of the above detestable practices, himself, Colonel Mac Mahon, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and most of the Royal Dukes, can more accurately determine than ourselves. We, however, do not hesitate to declare, that we have heard he unblushingly boasts to his friends of having received *hush-money* from the Prince of Wales ; that he is intimate with a cast-off mistress of the Duke of York ; and that although we know him to *have repeatedly obtained money on false pretences*, under the name of AN ENGLISHMAN, we do not know how he can by *any honest* means keep a dashing equipage, and a well-furnished house in Brianston-street. Few years have elapsed since he *failed* as an attorney, and his creditors received a very trifling dividend. The *sale* profits of his contemptible

works have not been great; and even the money that he may have gotten by his wife can not be sufficient to defray his present expences.

We believe that the first pamphlet written by this man was a Letter to the Prince of Wales, signed AN ENGLISHMAN, which was advertised by *placards*, and sold at a *dirty green-grocer's* shop in Hanway-yard, every bookseller having refused to publish the vile production. This green-grocer's shop has since been converted into a *libel-stall*, where all his subsequent compilations of infamy may be had—for ready money only.

That a man, excluded from all respectable and honorable society, with whom the meanest clerk in the most subordinate department of government would scorn to associate, should have been able to obtain, from any authentic source, information relative to military or other appointments is impossible; and will any one, except W. Cobbett, pretend to believe the unsubstantiated assertion of harlots and libellers?

Thomas Hague is the man who, under the signature of AN ENGLISHMAN, has insulted *all* the Royal Family, but chiefly the Duke of Kent, whom he has *lately*\* vilified by his praise. In the pamphlet before us he has the audacity to recommend his own "LETTER TO THE KING," as if the author were unknown to him; and impudently asks the Duke of York why he did not consult *that Letter* before he appointed Sir Hew Dalrymple to the chief command in Portugal! But of all the disgraceful methods of *puffing* his works, perhaps the following is the most atrocious. Some weeks back a bill was posted up in the Strand and other places, advertising the intended publication of a Life of this ENGLISHMAN. Hague immediately

\* In one of his former productions, the Duke of Kent was treated with as much contempt as any of his illustrious brothers.—What can have produced this revolution in Thomas Hague's opinion?

had a hand bill printed, declaring that his *Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex* was suspected of being the author of that advertisement, and offering a reward of *twenty pounds* to any one who would prove the fact, at the same time *respectfully* informing the public that shortly would be published, by his *libel-monger*, a Letter concerning that illustrious personage and Mrs. B——n.

We have only seen one pamphlet besides that which now lies before us, to which this cowardly slanderer has dared to affix his name: and that was a vulgar and abusive letter addressed to William Garrow, Esquire, in which he *attempted* to defend the conduct of Baron Hompesch, but succeeded only in convincing the world that either he was himself guilty of a contemptible falsehood, or that the Baron was guilty of *perjury*. We will explain. At Maidstone assizes, an action was brought against a farmer of the name of *Sherwood*, for a breach of the game-laws; Baron Hompesch was the only witness for the prosecution, and Thomas Hague, in his comments upon Mr. Garrow's cross-examination, states, that the Baron "*denied that he had written any libel on the defendant, or had behaved with indecency to any lady, which was the subject of the present complaint.*" *Hague's Letter to W. Garrow, Esq.* page 12. Now it so happened that this same Baron was afterwards *convicted* of having written, prior to giving the above evidence, a most *obscene* and *indecent* libel on Mr. Sherwood and his wife.

We trust we have said enough to convince our readers that Thomas Hague is something worse than a literary impostor; and we hope, now their eyes are opened, they will, by declining to purchase his villainous pamphlets, compel him to adopt some *more honourable*, if not more honest, method of obtaining a precarious subsistence, even if it be by turning highwayman or housebreaker.

Having said this much of his *principles*, we shall briefly



state our opinion of his talents," which is, that they are almost as contemptible as his character. His style is that of a low-bred inhabitant of St. Giles's, endeavouring to imitate the lofty periods of Johnson. As an example, we select the following paragraph from page 12.

"The Ministers saw the name of the Duke of Kent lofty and commanding. As the high beacon *strikes* the wandering mariner, and directs him how to steer from danger, so *might* Ministers have employed him, and placed the vast military force sent to Portugal under a real soldier. The Cabinet well knows that he is *a man*, although a Royal Duke!!"

Ha! ha! ha! was ever printer's devil employed upon more execrable bombast, more consummate nonsense than this? As an instance of beautiful allegory, most delicately correct, and most chastely applied, we beg leave to quote the following passage from page 20.

"Sir Hew Dalrymple was chosen merely as a piece of assuaging *diachylon*, to cover the excoriated parts of all the claimants, soften the asperities of rivals, and to deprive a *negative* of all irritating power.\* The strong political claims of some, and the real qualifications of others, gave the command to Sir Hew;" (Here Thomas Hague is a little obscure) "who owes me, by the bye, great obligations, for were it not for this letter he might have gone to heaven or *purgatory*," (we did not know that Sir Hugh was a Roman Catholic,) "known only as a perpetual *blister*, and not as a healer of *angry-swollen* spirits," (Why does not Thomas Hague write for the Annual Review?) "the gallings of envy, and the lacerations of disappointment. I do *believe* that *such* circumstances, cabals, demands, menaces, and difficulties" (meaning, of course, *assuaging diachylon* and *perpetual blister*) "did exist, and were the causes which *led* to Sir Hew's appointment. From all observations from what has transpired at home, and unhappily

\* Query. What are the *irritating* powers of a *negative*?—SATIRIST.

what is known from abroad, I feel that I am substantially correct.  
—Credidi propter quod locutos sum."

Why will Thomas Hague attempt to write *bad Latin* before he can write *good English*? In page 28 he talks of a "*system* that propogates offices, rank, army pay, staff pay, &c. with *feline fecundity*." If we thought *cats* had the power of propagating things so valuable, never more should their caterwaulings be disturbed by us. He never concludes a pamphlet without hinting his intention of attacking some other distinguished person: this is as much as to say—"If you don't *down with* your money, I will *down with* your character."

After what has been said of this author's principles and talents, how will our readers stare when we inform them that he is the principal proprietor of a new weekly newspaper, the motto of which is, "A whip for the ass, a bridle for the horse, and a rod for the fool's back." We shall, doubtless, be honored with a little of his glorious abuse through the medium of its columns; but while we rejoice that nobody will *believe*, we lament that very few *read* his self-degrading ribaldry.

As Thomas Hague may feel offended with us for having thus dragged him from his den, and torn the mask from his unblushing face, we think it necessary to inform him, (*without any expectation of being bribed to silence*), that we are in possession of some delectable anecdotes, *not obtained from the lips of harlots*; and that he should be grateful to us for having delayed their publication. If he should be quite outrageous, we advise him to remember, that, like Peter Finnerty, he has no claim to the privileges of a gentleman, and that, like John Williams,\* he has forfeited the protection of the law.

\* In an action brought by John Williams, *alias* Anthony Pasquin, against Faulder and other booksellers, it was decided that a libeller

We most solemnly protest, that our only motive for inflicting such severe castigation, is our high sense of the duty which we owe to the public ; a duty which we shall most religiously perform, in defiance of the united threats, ravings, and calumnies, of all the scoundrels who have been, or *shall be* exposed by our diligence, or lacerated by our lash.

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*An Appeal to the Public, and a farewell Address to the Army. By Brevet Major Hogan, late a Captain in the thirty-second Regiment of Infantry ; in which he resigned his Commission, in Consequence of the Treatment he experienced from the Duke of York, and the System that prevails in the Army respecting Promotions : including some Strictures upon the general Conduct of our military Force. Published by G. Gorman (for the AUTHOR, PETER FINNERTY), 2s. 6d. pp. 62.*

*A full and impartial Examination of "An Appeal to the Public, and a farewell Address to the Army, by Brevet Major Hogan," containing a complete Refutation of the Misrepresentations and Calumnies exhibited in that Performance. By One of the British Public. Faulders, Bond-street, &c. pp. 45.*

*A short English Answer to a long Irish Story, or a Key to the Mystery of the Barouche and Bank Notes ; proving Major Hogan's Accusations against His Royal Highness the Duke of York to be barefaced Calumnies. Printed for C. Chapple, Pall Mall, pp. 54.*

We are by no means of opinion that princes should be neither told of their errors, nor publicly *admonished* ; but we have too high a respect for all the branches of our So-

could not maintain an action for a libel. A report of this trial is contained in the last edition of the Baviad.



vereign's illustrious family to see them *slandered* and *insulted*, without endeavouring to expose the folly and perfidy of their calumniators.

There is something so peculiarly disgraceful in the conduct of Mr. Hogan, that, we confess, we should have hesitated to believe the statement of his case, even if it had been written by a person of a less suspicious character than PETER FINNERTY. Would any man of nice honour, who had resolved to publish a fair statement of his wrongs, have fled his country before his pamphlet appeared, and, Parthian like, have turned his back before he sped his envenomed arrows? Would he have furnished materials for loading a blunderbuss to an *Irish desperado*, who would as soon have fired at the head of his Sovereign as at the illustrious object of his resentment? or would he have *paid any one* to discharge that blunderbuss, of which he himself was afraid to pull the trigger? This pamphlet, we are told, has had a very extensive circulation; and we are not surprised at the circumstance. The title is alluring; the most disgraceful arts have been resorted to by its vile proprietor to excite the attention of the public; and it is not yet sufficiently known to be the production of Peter Finnerty. We would call our readers' particular attention to an imposition as gross and as palpable as the story of *the lady in the barouche*. The following paragraph is inserted at the end of all the editions of this pamphlet, except the first, and has been added to most of Finnerty's public advertisements.

" \* \* \* The bookseller who published the first edition has declined to publish this.—Mr. Richardson says that he has been threatened. Possibly so: what means have been employed I do not know: but neither threat nor bribe shall suppress this pamphlet. Its publication SHALL GO ON. D.H"

Here we behold Mr. Hogan's initials affixed, although

he had quitted the country long before Mr. Richardson declined the publication ! Is not this forgery with intent to *defraud* ?\* and ought not the man who has been guilty of such a villainous act to be subjected even to a *more exemplary punishment* than that which Finnerty experienced in the front of Newgate, Dublin ?

Mr. Hogan merely gave Finnerty a list of his supposed wrongs ; all the *political* and other reflections contained in the ill-written and absurd pamphlet before us, which are palmed upon the public as the sentiments of that *ci-devant* officer, must be considered as the effusions of the latter's polluted brain, and deserve no more credit than the false and mischievous assertions which have daily flowed from the same source into the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*.

We must suppose that any man who held a commission in the British army so long as Mr. Hogan, would have scorned to practise such a *flimsy* and degrading imposition as *the lady in the berouche* ; but we know no man whom we consider as more likely to have contrived it than Peter Finnerty. A well written evening paper, the *Pilot*, has pretty broadly hinted that *Peter* was himself the *fair incognita* ; but surely, although "it was dusk," the waiter of Franks's coffee-house could not have mistaken any thing so hideous for a lady. Indeed it would have been little less surprising if he had by *day light* supposed him to be a *gentleman*. Besides, who would have trusted Peter Finnerty with four hundred pounds ?

It has been very shrewdly observed, that few persons are in the habit of receiving bank notes of the amount of *one*

\* Major Hogan embarked on board the *Alknomook*, Capt. Halstead, which cleared Sept. 7, arrived at Gravesend on the 12th, and sailed through the Downs on the 15th, with a fair wind, for New York.

*four hundred pounds* from others without taking an account of their numbers; and that, therefore, if Major Hogan could get the better of his delicacy, and resolve to keep the *four hundred pounds*, which he (or rather Finnerty) declares he received, in *four notes*; he might, by publishing their numbers, easily trace their progress from the Bank into the hands of *the lady in the barouche*. Should the Major or *his friends* still hesitate, we will point out a method by which all difficulties may be overcome. Give the *four hundred pounds* to the Middlesex Hospital, the Magdalen, or any other charitable institution, then publish the numbers of the notes, and we will venture to predict, that they will be traced to the hands of some friend or agent of Major Hogan's.

The following very apposite observations on this subject are extracted from *The Full and Impartial Examination*, &c. a pamphlet which contains much good sense.

“ It was certainly a singular thought, and a very remarkable circumstance, that the author of a pamphlet *published by a regular bookseller*,\* should leave his address at the newspaper office. It was also as remarkable a circumstance, that the very next morning, a dashing female in a barouche should call at this same printing-office for the Major's address. Had it been an affair of gallantry, no wonder could be made of the matter; but as the advertisement merely announced a publication which no one could suppose would be interesting to the ladies, it is rather extraordinary that the address should have been left one day, and so very strangely be called for the next. It seems, however, that the Major was duly made acquainted with the circumstance of the lady, and the barouche, and the footmen, whence he must have concluded that a visit was intended him by the fair incognita. There was accordingly a call made upon him the very next evening, when, lo! the Major had four gentlemen with him, in presence of

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\* The first edition of Hogan's Appeal was published by Richardson, Cornhill.



whom the letter, with the valuable inclosures, was delivered; but neither the Major himself had the gallantry, nor any of the gentleman the curiosity, to hasten in search of this liberal lady, who was so well acquainted with the Major's concerns."

*The short English Answer to a long Irish Story*, we do not admire so much as the pamphlet last quoted, although it certainly contains some very shrewd remarks and just conclusions. It is interlarded with too many fulsome compliments to the Commander in Chief, whose conduct, in some respects, we highly disapprove. We are, however, decidedly of opinion, that the petulant, weak, and wicked attack of Messrs. Hogan and Finnerty will rather increase than diminish whatever popularity his Royal Highness might have possessed, previous to the appearance of their contemptible pamphlet.

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*A Sermon against Witchcraft, preached in the Parish Church of Great Paxton, in the County of Huntingdon, July 17, 1808, with a brief Account of the Circumstances which led to two atrocious attacks on the Person of Ann Izzard, as a reputed Witch. By the Reverend Isaac Nicholson, A. M. Curate.—Mawman, London, 1808.*

It struck us as a very curious and singular circumstance, that at this time of day it should be found necessary to preach a sermon against WITCHCRAFT. We really thought the belief that beldames of this craft bestrid the broom-sticks, and

"Hover'd through the fog and filthy air,"

and that all superstitious fears of their influence had so totally ceased, as to be laughed at, even in the circle of the *oldest hags* of Methodism. But it seems we were mistaken; and the Curate of Great Paxton here presents us with a case which makes us shudder at the brutal igno-

rance and deplorable credulity of the fanatics, whose cruelty and superstition he records.

Ann Izzard, it seems, a poor woman of Great Paxton, about sixty years of age, the mother of eight children, five of whom are still living, was suspected by her neighbours to be a witch, they pretended to have proved their suspicions by means of certain charms; and the fits and illness of three persons, Alice Brown, Fanny Amey, and Mary Fox, were ascribed to her infernal agency. The severe vengeance which her neighbours threatened to take upon her, alarmed and terrified the poor creature so greatly, that she frequently dropped on the ground in fainting fits; she asserted her innocence in the strongest terms, and as a proof that she was not a witch, she offered to be *weighed against the church bible*, hoping that by this criterion she should be fully able to satisfy the minds of her accusers and establish her innocence. All this, however, was insufficient, and in this land of law and liberty, shocked are we to record it, she was twice attacked with the most brutal fury, and it was not without difficulty that she escaped with life. We will give the relation of this shameful affair in the Reverend Isaac Nicholson's own words.

“ A considerable number of people assembled together, as it grew dark, on Sunday evening the 8th of May (last), and taking with them the young woman, ridiculously supposed to be bewitched, about ten o'clock proceeded to the cottage of Wright Izzard, which stands alone at some distance from the village. When they arrived at this solitary spot, so favourable for the execution of their villainous designs, they broke into the poor man's house, dragged his wife out of bed, and threw her naked into the yard; where her arms were torn with pins, her head was dashed against a large stone of the causeway, and her face, stomach, and breast, were severely bruised with a thick stick that served as a bar to the door. Having thus satiated themselves, the mob

dispersed. The woman then crawled into her house, put her clothes on, and went to the constable, who said, "*he could not protect her, because he was not sworn.*" The humanity, protection, and assistance, which she could not find at the *constable's*, very happily for herself, she found under the roof of a *poor widow*. The compassionate and honest *Alice Russell* unlocked her door at the first call, wrapped up her neighbour's bleeding arms with the nicest linen rags she had; affectionately sympathised with, and comforted her, and gave her a bed. But with the deepest grief I relate it, the compassion and kindness of this poor woman was the means of shortening her days. "The protectors of a witch are just as bad as the witch, and deserve the same treatment," cried the infatuated populace the next morning. The envenomed shaft flew direct to its mark, and the *Widow Russell* neither eat nor slept again. She had (formerly) lived nearly twelve years in my house; during which time I experienced many proofs of her punctuality, fidelity, and honesty: *She died a martyr to fear and apprehension* on Friday, the 20th of May.

"On the evening of Monday the 9th of May, Ann Izzard was a second time dragged out of her house, and a second time were her arms torn with pins, till they streamed afresh with blood. Alive the next morning, and apparently likely to survive this attack also, her enemies resolved to have her ducked as soon as the labour of the day was over. On hearing this, she hastily quitted home, and took refuge in a neighbouring village, where this inhumanity and malevolence could not reach her.

*Little Paxton, July 25, 1808.*

"ISAAC NICHOLSON."

Who can read the above without feelings of astonishment as well as indignation? A pretty specimen of the *new light* this! for we are informed that the neighbourhood abounds with *evangelical* disciples, and that it was by this pious class of the *faithful*, that these most shocking and merciless outrages were committed. "*Great Paxton*," says the Reverend I. Nicholson, "*abounds with fanatics.*" "Supposing Ann Izzard (the reputed witch) to have been killed on Sunday night by the per-



sons who attacked her" said one of them to me, "I do not see of what use it could be to take their lives." This (adds Mr. N.) may be the doctrine of *the Conventicle*, but it is not agreeable to that law of God, which says, whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man also shall his blood be shed."

This worthy and humane curate observes, very justly, that a delight in the mysterious, the marvellous, and the incomprehensible, is always most strongly betrayed by the ignorant and lower orders; and this observation is enforced by the following remarks, which are not less striking than alarming truths.

"A sorrowful and melancholy proof of this fact (says he) strongly marks the religious. I might with more propriety say the irreligious state of our country *at this time*; for *the designing sect* of experienced visionaries, with external countenances of publican humility, and internal hearts of pharisaical righteousness and pride, artfully foster this popular fondness and predilection for the wonderful, and thus successfully propagate their pernicious principles of fanaticism; and by false and deluding representations of *their elysium of faith*, surprise, bewilder, and proselyte the common people. Thousands are in this manner drawn into the net, as they were of old into the snare of the vile imposter of Rome, or of the arch hypocrite at Mecca; and as the opinions of these two grand deceivers once divided and ruined the world, so now, *the false religion of the present fanatics of England*, threaten to involve our national establishment and vital Christianity in one general and indiscriminate destruction."

The whole of the discourse is extremely judicious, and the public are greatly indebted to the writer for giving publicity to the fact which excited it.

We are happy to add, that bills of indictment were preferred against the offending parties at the last assizes, for the county of Huntingdon, which were found by the grand jury, and the culprits are bound over to keep the

peace, and to appear at the next assizes at Huntingdon to take their trial.

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*The Trap: a Moral, Philosophical, and Satirical Work; delineating the Snares in which Kings, Princes, and their Subjects have been caught, since the Days of Adam; including reflections on the present causes of Conjugal Infidelity. Dedicated to the Ladies!!! In Two Volumes. By Thomas Gilliland, Author of the Dramatic Synopsis; Dramatic Mirror; Diamond cut Diamond; Diamond new pointed, &c. &c. Pages 189 and 190; Duodecimo; Price Ten Shillings and Sixpence; London: printed for T. Goddard, Pall-Mall; 1808.*

Our great lexicographer, Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. in his immortal work, thus defines A TRAP:—"an ambush; a stratagem to betray, or catch unawares." In selecting this truly apposite word, therefore, for the running title of his infamous *catchpenny* publication, Mr. Thos. Gilliland seems (*unintentionally*, we will admit) to have blundered upon the truth. But what can the poor driveller mean, by calling this Trap "a moral, philosophical, and satirical work?" The man is *at his old lures again*, undoubtedly! Morality is the doctrine of the duties of life; Philosophy is the hypothesis, or system, upon which natural effects are explained; and Satire is the strong general censure of wickedness or folly. Mr. Thomas Gilliland, however, is certainly, in good sooth, no moralist, no satirist, no philosopher: and yet, gentle reader, Mr. Thomas Gilliland is a great *genius*; and he writes, . . . . . oh! all ye gods and goddesses! Oh! heaven and earth! . . . . . "he writes—for his daily bread!" . . . . .

"Oh! day and night! but this is wondrous strange."

[SILVESTER DAGGERWOOD.]

As enthusiastic friends to the liberty of the British Press from principle and practice, as avowed authors ourselves, and as moral SATIRISTS by profession; we are very far from wishing to be misunderstood by Mr. Gilliland's respectable bookseller, as if we were sarcastic writers who labour to advance our own growing reputation, solely by depreciating the merits of others. No: the fields of literature are open and unlimited, and they abound in such a profusion and variety of lawful game, that true sportsmen can find no inducement to resort to undue measures: none but vile hucksters, and the most abandoned poachers will now condescend to set wires, and to place gins and traps for a sordid and precarious livelihood; ever liable to detection and discomfiture; ever in dread of the lash of the law, of the stocks, the cage, and the hulks. With undissembled confidence in a spirit of rough integrity, that has already undergone *some* public trial, we honestly lay claim to a title, decorous and honourable, by the fearless and most conscientious discharge of an office at once useful and highly responsible: an office, alas! but too generally performed with negligence, partiality, and prejudice, by our cotemporaries. Yes!—What need is there for ambiguous circumlocution?—Yes! We previously assert ourselves to be [self-constituted, but not self-willed,] the licensed game-keepers of English literature. We proclaim aloud our implicit deference to the laws of society and the land, our love of order, and our zeal in the discharge of our duty. Even at this early stage of our labours, the reward has proved (in every imaginable way) much more than commensurate with the toil; we have taken up some vagabonds, we have caught some *known* felons, and we have driven others from society; our ardour is increased with the surprising increase of public patronage we experience; *We go on our way rejoicing*:—

Ἄντὺν ἐν μακροῦν ἀντάξιον εἶναι ἀποδείξει.



The culprit we are about to chastise has been caught with his *trap* before him, and he does not attempt to cloak his mischievous intention; which is, indeed, "to betray and catch the unwary." We hold the wretch firmly by the collar, and he shall not escape.—

"For the frigid villainy of studious lewdness, for the calm malignity of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented? What punishment can be adequate to the crime of him, who retires to solitude for the reinforcement of debauchery; who tortures his fancy, and ransacks his memory, only that he may leave the world less virtuous than he found it; that he may intercept the hopes of the rising generation, and *spread snares for the soul* with more dexterity."—*Johnson*.

Fortunately, Mr. Thomas Gilliland's powers are wonderfully inferior to his will: he is rather a worse stylist than Dr. Laurence, a worse reasoner than Mr. Whitbread, a worse grammarian than Charles Sedley, a worse *English* scholar than Mr. Cobbett, every fresh effusion of his slovenly pen is more contemptible than its meagre precursors; and the crisis is assuredly close at hand, when—from a total want of custom for his *Dramatic Synopsis*, his *Dramatic Mirror*, his *Diamond cut Diamond*, his *Diamond new pointed*, his *Trap*, and *all his other moral, philosophical, and satirical works*—he will be forced to forswear pen and paper for ever; and may perhaps, in due time, think seriously of betaking himself to more virtuous ways of getting a livelihood. Such is our serious and deliberate judgment of Mr. Thomas Gilliland and his detestably obscene lucubrations. But what cares he for our most solemn opinion, or for that of an insulted British public, provided his Grace the Duke of Piccadilly, and Mr. Monk Ghost Lewis, and Mr. Anacreon Moore, and the yielding fair of Drury-lane and elsewhere, do but countenance his trash. Though no classic, the gentle-

man is thoroughly inclined to adopt for a motto to his books, the lines of the witty but indecent Roman poet :

Lector et auditor nostros probat, Aucte, libellos ;

Sed quidam exactos esse poeta negat.

Non nimium curo : nam cœnæ fercula nostræ

Malim convivis quam placuisse cœcis.

For Mr. T. G's accommodation, merely, we permit the following careless version to grace our page :

Let SATIRISTS my scholarship deny ;

Dukes, demireps, and wittlings praise my books :

No man can hit all palates ; \* What care I ?

My dishes please my guests, though not the cooks.

MARTIAL. IX. 81.

But, as we cannot fairly expect, so neither do we at any time, desire, that our respectable (and by us much respected) readers should accept from our hands, with implicit faith, the good or bad character of a writer : we rather expect, and sincerely desire, that those intelligent friends, who may find leisure for the drudgery, will, now and then, waste an hour or two in carefully comparing the tenor of our severest strictures with the filthy publications which we censure, and impartially judge both the review and the reviewer *by their works*. This we know to have been the candid process of Lord Viscount Mountnorris, with regard to Sir John Carr and the ingenious author of "*My Pocket-Book* : " † and this process we earnestly conjure a liberal British public to pursue with ourselves : we boldly

\* I feel perfectly satisfied, that it is not in the power of any author to please every reader ; for that which will make one reader laugh, will make another weep ; and the angler cannot please all fish with one bait : *I, therefore, cannot expect to amuse the palate of every one into whose hands this book may happen to fall.*—The precise words of Mr. GILLILAND's apology in his low and insolent *Dedication*, page xi.

† See the accounts of the trial, "*Sir John Carr, v. Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe*, &c.

anticipate the, then, *inevitable result*, with unfeigned, heartfelt exultation. By our several works alone let us be praised, by our works alone let us be condemned.

Now,—let us minutely inspect this TRAP! Mr. Thomas Gilliland says, in his *Dedication*, pages 8, 9.

“ If, in the various reflections which *branch out* of the different divisions of this work, I shall have suggested the true causes of domestic misery, and that they should operate to reclaim the errors of a *libertine* husband, or a thoughtless wife, my motives for writing on a subject as old as Adam, and the work itself, may be sufficiently warranted.”

No; Mr. G.’s “ motives for writing ” are not “ sufficiently warranted.”

He thus ushers in his subject :

“ *The pleasing thème*, on which I am about to indulge the warmest effusions of my imagination, is the passion of LOVE, which emanates from the great cause of all created matter ; pervades the universe, and illustrates, in innumerable ways, its beauty, grandeur, and awfulness to the world.”

“ For God is Truth, and God is Love ! ”

The warmest effusions of Mr. T. Gilliland’s imagination!!!

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?  
Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

HORACE. A. P. 138.

Vol. I. Chapter I. “ *On the Loves of the Plants*,” is pilfered from Dr. Darwin, as Darwin pilfered from Linnaeus : *chacun à son tour*. Thus, the vomit of Homer, by successive filtration, is said to have supported many subsequent bards ; thus the hogs of Westphalia subsist on nutriment, previously digested by other porkers ; the simile is rather musty.



Chapter II. informs us, that *Love* is “an invisible fire, kindled within the *hidden* forges of the breast of lovers, scorching and consuming their miserable hearts, and burning in flames of desire.” A tolerably warm effusion of the *imagination* certainly! “It was long disputed, whether the will moves the understanding, or the understanding the will. It is, however, now said, both move one another.” Very neat and conclusive! “Thus, a pert ignoramus, when asked whether the sun moved round the earth, or the earth round the sun, briskly answered, “sometimes one, Sir, sometimes the other.” The rest of the chapter is, literally, quotation-mad from Shakspeare,

—τρεῖς ὧνιον, ταῖς ἐπιπύχαις τῶν ῥακίων ποικίλον.

LUCIAN, *Diog. et Poll.*

Chapter III. is replete *usque ad nauseum* with such stuff as this: “in our devotion to lovely woman, we lose the love of a mother, in the admiration of a wife. *This divine creature.*”—p. 40. It is, also, copiously disfigured with lean and ill-applied passages from Shakspeare.

Chapter IV. professedly continues the same rhapsodical effusion; and, in justice to T. G. we feel ourselves compelled to add, *that* the continuation proceeds *exactly* in the very same original and disjointed style, and favours the world with many still more dull applications of plagiarism: it likewise discusses the contrasted merits of fat bodies, slim bodies, short bodies, tall bodies, with all the formal and disgusting frivolity of “*The Lady's Toilette.*” \* The whole chapter, indeed, seems borrowed from that coarse and disgusting publication. What can be more brutal than this buffoonery, for instance?—“a woman as old as Saturn, with a nose like a hunter's horn,

\* Of which work we endeavoured to give our readers some idea in No. xiv. pages 415—422.

on which a man may hang his hat, and with teeth as irregular as old park pales." Would any gentleman, however necessitous, dedicate such ribaldry to women of virtue and respectability? Surely not: and, from our souls, we acquit Mr. Thomas Gilliland of so foul an imputation. No; the ladies, whose coteries he essays to please, deem themselves doubtlessly honoured, even by his notice.

Chapter V. tells us, LOVE is "A GREAT DEVIL." This, too, is a warm effusion of the imagination; "glowing hot," aye, "hissing hot," as Falstaff says.\* Again; "lions, bulls, dogs, and cocks, are so furious from love, that they will kill one another." Oh! *this love, this love!* But why omit cats? For the love of fun, why omit cats?—When I was last at Kilkenny, said Teague, I saw two big ram-cats fight a duel for love, your honour; and they fought, and fought, till they ate each other up. Devil burn me, if I lie, your honour! I went after them into the gutter! "Tommy!" says I, "*my dear Phely!*" says I, but no Tommy or Phely was there: I found only the tips of their tails.—Mr. T. G. is welcome to this fact. He goes on, "This LOVE is the most fatal plague amongst all the passions; it hath the shivering and heat of fevers, the furies of frenzy, the black vapours & the hypochondriac, the stupidities of the lethargy; with dreadful palpitations of heart: it is the darling of the inclination, the trial of patience, passion's torture, the pleasure of melancholy, the sport of madness, and deviser of vanities." p. 109. What a string of incoherent nonsense! Poor man! Poor man! Poor man! alas! Peradventure Mr. Gilliland is, himself, in love: *aut amat, aut insanit, certè.* The whole chapter was written, we apprehend, at any rate, after a Bacchanalian debauch; when its besotted

\* SHAKSPEARE.—*The merry Wives of Windsor, Act 3. Scene 5.*

author was *sour-drunk*! We have compassion for every man's natural infirmities; and, entertaining (as we do) the humiliating belief just penned, we wish to mention this part of the book in the most favourable manner: we must affirm, however,—after admitting the full force of the supposed, disgraceful palliative,—that Mr. T. G's sentiments are illiberal, and *grossly indelicate*.

Chapter VI. assures us, page 175, of a truly astonishing piece of intelligence: *viz.* that “wives become widows, when the hand of Providence *robs* \* them of their dear companions.” The whole chapter treats of “widows,” its language is a milk-and-water slip-slop composed of common gossip, stupid truism, and harmless impertinence.

Vol. II. Chapter I. tells us, page 8, that a lady's desire of matrimony may be known by her *chapped lips*!!! and, throughout it, the writer rattles on in the most insufferable way imaginable, on brown-studies, paleness, trembling, silence, leanness, restlessness, solitude, and insanity.

Chapter II. among other equally important articles of information, gives us directions to know *how love may be discovered by astrology*.—p. 46.

The whole of Chapter III. is either wantonly stupid, or stupidly wanton; we scarcely know which: It discourses about *sympathy of affection between the sexes*.

Chapter IV. is *indecent*; but, by good fortune, it is repulsively so: Chapter V. is the same.

Chapters VI. and VII. treat of *Jealousy* in a very insipid manner; Othello, of course, is repeatedly cited. Chapter VIII. deals in *cairn, con*. Chapter IX. talks of *Cupid's amorous feast*, p. 147; and pretends to give instructions *against love*, p. 165.

\* *Query*. Can the hand of Providence, strictly speaking, ever be considered as “*robbing*” its creatures, when it deprives them, by any casualties, of their mortal counterparts? Scripture says, No.



LASTLY, Chapter X. page 182, recommends wh-red-m in significant terms, thus :

“ When first the nymph admits your visit, *stay,*  
*And take some other beauty in your way :*  
 More safely thus your passion you may trust,  
 When you approach her charms *with fainter gust ;*  
 You'll, otherwise, misconstrue for delight,  
 The eagerness of your own appetite.”

Mr. Thomas Gilliland recommends, in these chapters, several powerful processes to unfortunate lovers.

THE SATIRIST has, already, gently hinted to this truly unfortunate author, that he may find a more virtuous way of livelihood than that he now pursues. We conclude our honest review of his TRAP, with *his own conclusive words* : They are expressive ; they are important ; they may rivet his attention ; yet we really wish the poor wretch to receive them back from us, in the ligh of *warning*, rather than *advice*. They run thus :

“ Should all these remedies fail, there is still one, beyond all doubt, of the most efficacious nature ; and, though it may be less palatable than any recipe mentioned, yet, *it was never known to fail* : It is but fair that I should appease your curiosity ; be not offended ;—this remedy is A HALTER !” *Hail, and farewell ! thou Prince of Idiots !!!*

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*Sir Owen Glendowr, and other Tales,* By Anthony Frederick Holstein. 3 vols. Lane, Newman, and Co. 1808.

AT the present period when the literary world abounds with the most contemptible and licentious productions under the various titles of romances, novels, *moral tales*, &c. it was with pleasure we perused these three small volumes,

which contain six ingeniously woven tales. To inculcate morality appears to have been the author's chief design, and he has not been unsuccessful. In the tale of Sir Owen Glendowr, he has drawn a faithful picture of the manners and characteristics of the Welch in the lower order of society, and represented them such as they *really* are, even in this enlightened age, proud, prejudiced superstitious, and ignorant, and by no means adorned with the many virtues with which modern tourists delight to decorate them. Much imagination is displayed in the construction of the third tale, "Egbert; or, Legendary Lore:" the mystery in which he is wrapt is well carried on, and not to be penetrated; and the *denouement* excites unusual surprize from being altogether unexpected. The lovers of romance will regret the brevity of this legend, as the author discovers a depth and brilliancy of imagination which particularly qualifies him for this species of writing. We earnestly recommend to him the further cultivation of his talents, that when he writes again, like another Radcliffe, whose first production was the "Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne," he may be encouraged to enlarge his ideas, and take more ample range in the widely extended regions of romance.

The story of "Jessy" occupies one volume, and is not only the most pleasing, but evidently the one upon which the author has bestowed most attention. The scene lies chiefly at a nobleman's seat, and the characters which form the circle are well contrasted, and rendered prominent by frequent animated and witty conversations. The fate of Egerton is that which every seducer deserves to meet from the hand of an injured husband. To the character of Lady Monimia Grantham, the highest commendation is due, not only for the originality of design, but for the ability with which it is drawn.

Of the noblest birth and most exalted mind, she suffers

hourly from the shafts of ridicule, aimed at her unfortunately plain person, and determines to assume the character of a satirist, while her conduct is guided by universal philanthropy. A character such as this, though commonly to be met with in life, is new in the pages of a novel: the principal female characters, or *heroines* as they are called, in works of this nature, are generally compounded of *extraordinary beauty, unnatural delicacy of constitution, and supernatural strength of mind!!* and we are glad to peruse the delineation of a character possessing *only the latter*, as being infinitely more natural. Much, however, as we are disposed to praise, justice obliges us to point out defects; and these tales often conclude with an abruptness which very much disappoints the reader. The style is not sufficiently varied, and the grammatical inaccuracies are frequent.

The typographical errors are also so numerous, that they are to be met with in almost every page; and the whole work bears evident marks of being sent into the world without correction or revision. With the exception of the celebrated authoress of *Corinna*, we never remember to have seen the name of Holstein prefixed to any work, and conclude these little volumes are the author's first essay.

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*The Cottagers of Glenburnie; a Tale for the Farmer's Ingle-nook.* By Elizabeth Hamilton, Author of the *Elementary Principles of Education*, *Memoirs of Modern Philosophers*, &c. &c. &c. pages 408. Edinburgh: Cadell and Davies, Strand, London, 1808.

We do not hesitate to assert, most cheerfully, our firm conviction, that this little work does as much honour to its very ingenious author's head and heart as any of her former admirable publications; and we anticipate great and extensive benefit to all classes of society from its sale.



In its affecting pages the rich may read a clear statement of the best mode to ensure popularity, the moderate in fortune and desire may trace the best source of domestic comfort, the poor may perceive the best way to independence, and even the indigent may learn how to grow content.

The story is plain, easy, simple, interesting; the thoughts are liberal, the precepts are excellent, the incidents are happily chosen, the language is varied with skill, and, in general, perfectly correct. There are a few exceptions; and we will briefly state them. In page 103, the following passage is inaccurate: "But I had seen enough of this to be upon my guard, lest my heart should be puffed up; and had always thought it a base thing in a person, who saw *themselves*, &c." Again, we are quaintly informed, in page 104, that "Lady Charlotte was very handsome; and had many admirers before she was *out eighteen*." Again, in 105, Lord Lintop was, it seems, "much inclined to avarice, except *upon* his own pleasures." Again, in 122, we are told, "they had not proceeded many paces, *until* they were struck with admiration." Again, it is formally remarked, in 124, that "the hazel, the birch, and the mountain ash were not only scattered in profusion through the bottom, but in many places *clomb*." Again, in 157, we learn that Mrs. Mason "gave no further *directions* than *was* necessary." In 207, Mrs. Mason "speedily proceeded *but*, and *there* she found, &c." The coarse epithet "*fusty*," also, twice occurs in the sober parts of the narrative. But these and some others, are merely the *maculæ, quas incuria fudit*, and we candidly consider them as such: as a whole, the production is highly meritorious. In the shrewd and lively prefatory epistle to Hector Macneill, Esq. our author, with much good humour, exclaims, "Let then, the critics do their worst!" page 8. No; she need entertain

no apprehensions ; her fair fame, as an amiable woman and moral writer is, henceforward, established. With her three comprehensive RULES to make good servants we close our observations ; they are these :

1. *To do every thing in its proper time ;*
2. *To keep every thing to its proper use ; and*
3. *To put every thing in its proper place.*

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### THEATRES.

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*“ Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.”—HORACE.*

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#### DRURY-LANE.

IN the present state of theatrical entertainments the office of the critic is extremely easy. Melo-dramas are almost the only species of dramatic composition which now obtain a temporary popularity ; and the constituent ingredients of these exhibitions are too nearly the same to render a minute analysis of them either difficult or necessary. It has long been decided that every melo-drama must contain an escape, a procession, an escort, and a battle.

With so little variety of materials for observation, the duty of the critic must be principally confined to a mere recapitulation of particulars. The history of the theatres, however, presents little novelty even in this respect ; for it has of late been the custom for managers to insult the town by a frequent repetition of pieces which have excited the most just and general condemnation. Of many of these “ the damned of former periods” would shun the society.

To the many instances, however, that we could adduce of want of novelty, Mr. Theodore Hook’s “ Siege of St. Quintin” is a memorable exception. “ *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*” is a maxim to which all classical critics are willing to attend ; and we shall, therefore, merely confine ourselves to Mr. Hook’s originality. If to have invented incidents which no other human being could have thought of ; and to conduct the progress of the scene in such a manner, as to surprise even the most lethargic of his audience, be any proof of fertility of imagination and originality of genius, Mr. Hook may vie in these qualities with any dramatic writer of any age or any country.

It was not indeed without the highest admiration of the talents of this

wonderful young man, that we beheld the entrance and escape of Count Egmont, by means of a rope and a pulley, when there was free entrance and egress to every other personage by a staircase! nor was our astonishment diminished when we discovered that they arrived safe at the top, without being "toppled down headlong" by some person stationed there for the purpose of working the machinery and guarding the outlet. A grate, too, which can at one time be easily lifted by a *delicate lady*, and at another raised with great *difficulty* by three muscular men, is, no doubt, a very pretty curiosity! But we were particularly entertained by the evolutions of Master Wallack, whose very surprising adventure with the sentinel, and doubtful contest with *two stout grenadiers* for a pair of colours, were in the true style of the marvellous.

The last of these novelties is ascribed to Mr. Sheridan, who, if report speaks true, is likewise the author of some very entertaining witticisms, which are put into the mouth of Mr. Johnstone, and at which we might have been inclined to laugh, had we not heard them so frequently used by a certain ingenious young gentleman of our acquaintance. If it be true that this Irish character was drawn, and his part of the dialogue written, by Mr. Sheridan, we can only lament over the ruins of departed genius. But whatever may have been that gentleman's share in this production, we cannot persuade ourselves to believe that it was entirely written by Mr. Hook. From the other dramatic productions of this gentleman we had derived considerable amusement. To say that they displayed any high degree of literary excellence would be untrue; but they certainly did display great prematurity of fancy, and a tolerable knowledge of stage-effect, qualities in which the *Siege of St. Quintin*, with the exception of a few incidents "taken from the French," is totally wanting. If he unfortunately imagines that *he is* capable of the loftier flights of dramatic poetry, (a supposition which is sanctioned by the inflation of language, and the *ludicrous* attempts at the pathetic, for which this melo-drama is remarkable) he is deceived. He will never be great; but he may always be amusing.

This cat-like production was completely murdered, and *damned* every night it was played. Under the auspices of Mr. Sheridan, however, it lingered till the *ninth*, and then *expired*!

"It mew'd nine times, nine times its head cut off,  
The ninth with piteous groan it mew'ing died."

There must be a complete revolution in the management of Drury-



lane theatre: the present illiberal, parsimonious,\* and contemptible policy of Messrs. Wroughton, Graham, and T. Sheridan, can produce nothing but disgrace and ruin.

OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. Harris, unlike the managers of the rival theatre, knows what is due to the public for the patronage which they have been ever anxious to bestow on his endeavours to amuse them; and although he may sometimes err in judgment, he is never deficient in liberality, attention, and respect. In addition to the splendid talents of the Messrs. Kembles and Cooke, he has resolved to gratify the town with the exquisite acting of Mr. Young; a performer who, in many characters, is not inferior to any person on the stage. He made his appearance at this theatre in the new drama of “The Exile:” a piece which has fewer faults and more beauties than generally fall to the lot of this species of dramatic productions.

As critics we see much to censure, but as individuals, frequenting the theatres for the purpose of amusement, we candidly confess that, at the representation of the Exile, our feelings have been strongly and pleasingly excited.

The fable is taken, in a great measure, from Madam Cottin’s beautiful novel of Elizabeth; and Mr. Reynolds, in dramatising the most striking incidents, has preserved all the interest and effect of the original. The character of Daran is well imagined, and was admirably supported by Mr. Young. In the scene, in the second act, where he is detected by his inferior officer in endeavouring to facilitate the flight of the exile’s daughter, he was wonderfully energetic and impressive: indeed we do not recollect having seen a finer piece of acting. Mrs. Henry Johnson played Alexina, the exile’s daughter; and, as far as *dumb shew* went, she was excellent. We wish, however, she would consider that a lady could not conveniently travel many hundred miles over icy plains and craggy mountains in stuff boots and silk stockings; and notwithstanding the rapidity of her movements, from Siberia to Moscow and back again, as the author has not given her wings, those elegant appendages to a female foot and leg would be very materially damaged by climbing rocks, and other necessary exertions. Mrs. Dickons, too, would have found a bare neck very inconvenient in the cold regions of Siberia, where, by the bye, trees do not appear quite as green and luxuriant as the scene-painter has repre-

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\* We have been informed that among other instances of their parsimony, they have taken away the free admission of Miss Pope, who for forty years was one of the chief pillars of the theatre.

sented them. We scarcely ever witnessed so much improvement in so short a time as has taken place in Mrs. Dickons. We always considered her the best singer on the English stage, and are now extremely happy to add, that she is more than what is usually called a "respectable actress." It always gives us pleasure to witness the successful exertions of those whom we not only admire for their public talents, but esteem for their private virtues; and we were, therefore, delighted to behold Mrs. Dickons in the character of Catherine. Liston performed the part of a Russian Baron, much addicted (like Sir John Carr) to publishing his own travels. It is scarcely necessary to observe that he was, as usual, very entertaining. There is an awkward grace, or rather a graceful awkwardness about Mr. Liston which is inimitable; and in those characters where he has an opportunity of displaying it, he is always irresistibly comic. Fawcett and Munden were also very amusing. Indeed Mr. Reynolds has mingled the light and shade of this agreeable anomaly in such a manner, that we defy the most fastidious critic to witness the representation of the Exile without gratification. In the last scene some rein deer are introduced, *who* appear much more afraid of the cold than the ladies, for they are all clad in *worsted stockings*. As John Bull is not very well acquainted with the *costume* of Siberia, Mr. Fawcett's black *silk stockings* had a very good effect when he personated the *French Abbé*; though, in his other dress, he certainly resembled nothing but a game cock *trimmed for fighting*.

The Miss Adams's concluded the piece, not very naturally, with a dance, in which they displayed their *agility* and eight very substantial legs.

We cannot conclude this article without enquiring why Miss Meadows has been introduced to shock the ears of the audience with some most discordant notes: nothing could be worse, except Miss Fearon's tasteless screaming in the Siege of St. Quintin. We hope Messrs. Davy and Cobham, their respective masters, will murder no more voices.

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### COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

*Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites!*—VIRGIL.

*Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?*—POPE.

1. Poems written at Lanchester, by John Hodgson.

"—A few shorter poems are subjoined, under the title of *Odes*, which *do not* particularly *attract* either *commendation* or *censure*."

—Eclectic Review.

The volume closes with three *odes*, of which the first is decidedly the best. Indeed for *elegancy of fancy*, and *smoothness of versification*, it will not readily be equalled."—Monthly Review.

2. The History of the World from the Reign of Alexander to that of Augustus; by John Gillies, L.L.D.\*

"Though the style of Dr. Gillies does not aspire to the elegance of Hume or Robertson, it is usually *EASY* and *perspicuous*."—Annual Review.

"The style of these volumes will certainly not recommend them to popular favour. It is too declamatory to be precise, and too *involved* to be quite *perspicuous*; it is *LABORIOUSLY* polished, and *loaded* with a pomp of epithets.—We are happy to state that there is a wide difference between the two writers [Gibbon and Dr. Gillies] in the article of *religious belief*. Dr. Gillies has in no instance imitated the contemptuous sneers and malicious insinuations of his predecessor against the cause of christianity: on the contrary, we find him testifying occasionally his reverence for its sanctions, and his attachment to its doctrines."—Electric Review.

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\* Here again, as in the last article of our preceding number, we are sadly at a loss about the correctness of the title, as the Annual Review, with its usual correctness, affirms that the period included is *from the reign of Augustus to that of Alexander*.

We were rather surprised at finding this work classed, on the cover of one of the reviews, under the head *Topography*: but should have dismissed the subject at once from our thoughts as an error of negligence or haste, had not a small degree of consideration induced us to apprehend that something *witty* might be intended; a suspicion which seemed to be effectually confirmed by the *turn* given, with so much fidelity, and consistency of metaphor, to the following passage quoted from Ammianus Marcellinus, in a sort of paraphrase of it introduced in the course of the criticism: "*Historiam assuetam discurrere per negotiorum celcitudines, non humilium inutias indagare causarum.*—*History*, general history, the history of the world, does not explore ravines, crevices, and *narrow dells*, but holds her course along the *heights* and marks the great outlines, the *contour of the country*." (Oxford Review, of January 1, 1808, and cover of the preceding monthly number.)



"Dr. Gillies *penetrates into the character, circumstances, and views, of his principal actors.*"—"For this deficiency of dignity in his matter, he is anxious to make up by an *affected* and **STRAINED** loftiness, and novelty of style.—Though Dr. Gillies appears to be a believer in every verse of the Bible, including the Apocrypha, there are not a few passages both in the present and former volumes that might lead evil-minded persons to a suspicion that he has a strong leaning towards *paganism.*"—Oxford Review.

"Dr. Gillies *rarely* attempts the delineations of *character*; and of the few which he has attempted, there is nothing very striking, elaborate, or profound, in the execution. He narrates what is done, better than he analyses the thoughts, *penetrates the intentions*, and *reads the hearts*, of the actors in the scene."—Critical Review.

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2. The Code of Health and Longevity; or a Concise View of the Principles calculated for the Preservation of Health, and the attainment of Long Life: being an Attempt to prove the Practibility of condensing, within a narrow Compass, the most material information hitherto accumulated regarding the different Arts and Sciences, or any particular Branch thereof. By Sir John Sinclair, Bart.\*

"We have studied this long title-page with great diligence, without being able to make even a probable conjecture as to the meaning of the greater part of it; and indeed have received no distinct impression from it whatever, except that it is a *very improper* title to stand at the head of four goodly octavo volumes, each containing about eight hundred pages of very close printing. It would require a greater share of 'health and longevity' than we can presume to reckon on, to carry us fairly through every part of their contents; but from what we have been able to examine, as well as from a distant view of the remainder, we think ourselves

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\* The present considerably exceeds the limits within which we generally comprise a single article of this kind; but we leave it to such of our readers as may take the trouble of examining and comparing the different criticisms, to determine whether it is not worth the extent which it occupies.

justified in saying that this, 'concise view' of the principles of health and longevity, this proof of the practicability of 'condensing within a narrow compass' the essence of the arts and sciences, is the *most diffuse, clumsy, and unsatisfactory* compilation, that has ever fallen under our notice. The first volume consists of a vast *indigested and injudicious* abstract of all that the author had been able to find written upon the subject of which he was to treat; in which *no attempt* is made to *separate truth from falsehood*, to *reconcile contradictions*, or even to *distinguish* what is profound or important from what is *most trivial* and obvious. If we add to this the *blundering indistinctness* of the worthy baronet's divisions, the *incredible credulity* manifested in many of his statements, the masses of *mawkish morality* with which the whole *olio* is seasoned\*, the *marvellous ignorance* that is occasionally betrayed on the subjects which lay properly in his way, and the still more *insufferable display* of *superficial learning* on others to which he chooses to digress, we shall have a pretty accurate conception of the value of this last great digest of the macrobistic art. The other three volumes consist of *choice* extracts from the books which the author had read, and the communications which he had received. They are the raw materials, in short, out of which the first volume has been manufactured; and his conduct in reprinting them at large as a sequel to it, resembles that of a man who should first *cloy* his guests with *bad soups*, jellies, and conserves, and then insist on *cramming down their throats* the *bones, husks, and egg-shells*, out of which his banquet had been extracted.—We take our leave of sir John Sinclair with feelings of renewed astonishment at his patience and his *temerity*, in undertaking a work for which he was *in all respects so unqualified*; but without any emotions either of surprise or of compassion at his *ill success*. In the hands of a bold theorist, the mass of materials which are here *huddled together* might have produced many ingenious conjectures, and suggested many curious analogies. In the hands of sir John Sinclair they

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\* We would not have the reiterated beauties of this passage, in the way of alliteration and otherwise, lost on our readers. We have "*incredible credulity*," "*masses of mawkish morality*," and "*whole olio*," within the compass of two short lines."—SATIRIST.

have been altogether UNFRUITFUL, and produced nothing. His work is still a *chaos*, without harmony or order; and instead of settling controversies by his reasonings, or maturing conjecture into science by his genius, he appears merely as a *doubtful reporter* of *contradictory opinions*, and a *timid retailer* of the *most shallow and familiar precepts*."—Edinburgh Review.

"— It will not be necessary for us to detain our readers with any long analysis of the remaining three volumes of this code. Never perhaps was the system of *book-making* more palpably displayed. — This then is the result of sir John Sinclair's attempt to prove the practicability of condensing knowledge into a narrow compass! In the whole course of our critical labours, we have seldom, if ever, met with a publication which *so little corresponded with its professed object*; and with respect to his *experiment* therefore, the author has indeed *completely failed*. We are sorry moreover that we cannot speak highly of the merits of the production in other respects. It affords, no doubt, abundance of matter collected together from all quarters; but it is *so badly arranged*, is rendered *so tedious* by endless divisions and subdivisions, is *so interwoven* with laboured discussions on subjects of the *most trifling nature* (on which, after all, we come to *no conclusion*), and abounds so much with those *sage remarks* of which no one ever thought of doubting the truth; with *stories, probable and improbable*, and *jumbled together* without discrimination; that we *toil* through the volumes *without interest*, and have every other feeling absorbed in the desire of *arriving at the end* of our task."—Monthly Review.

"The patriotic and benevolent intentions of the respectable author of this work, must be allowed to entitle it to a *more indulgent* reception than could have been granted to the performance of a professed *book-maker*, instigated only by the desire of furnishing his employer with four ponderous volumes for sale.— In its present form, although we have perused it with as much attention as possible, we have *not* been able to discover in it *any original merit whatever*.—These powers [of discrimination] it was morally impossible that the present author should possess; and his work could therefore consist of nothing but a *USELESS mass* of *contradictory and ill-digested facts*, a continued series of itera-



tion without addition, and a collection of *groundless opinions*, suggested by *caprice*, and admitted only by an *immeasurable credulity*."—British Britic.

"This work professes not to be formed of new matter. That, the author justly observes, would have been a fruitless attempt. But the design of the author is, to endeavour to consolidate the essence of the knowledge that has been already accumulated, giving it a suitable arrangement, and adopting even the words and expressions of the original authors when this could be done with propriety. The *design* is *laudable*, and we acknowledge with pleasure that the *EXECUTION* is *RESPECTABLE*; and that a body of facts is here brought together, which *does great credit* to the industry of the collector."—Critical Review.

"—Such is the plan proposed: it is somewhat chimerical; and sir John Sinclair has *shewn* by his own example; that *much may be done* towards condensing and arranging the most curious and important facts in some departments of human knowledge, without the co-operation of such a committee of assistants *as* is here proposed. As we have read the work with *pleasure and profit* ourselves, so we recommend it to the perusal of others."—Annual Review.\*

## ERRATA.

No. 12, page 149, l. 7, for "*optes*," read "*optas*."

No. 13, page 302, l. 10, for "*inferiority*," read "*ingenuity*."

No. 14, page 362, l. 8, for "*exertions*," read "*exertion*."

Ditto, page 381, l. 14, between "*are*" and "*pointed*," insert "*not*."

Ditto, page 389, l. 4, for "*perdicitia*," read "*pudicitia*."

Ditto, page 389, l. 5, for "*sua vitas*," read "*suavitas*."

Ditto, page 389, l. 8, for "*permovet*," read "*promovet*."

Ditto, page 391, the reference to the Pol. Reg. should be carried to the bottom of the next page, and all the references altered accordingly, the last referring to the quotation in the 8th definition, to which the reference is omitted by mistake.

No. 15, page 473, insert "*be*" between "*me*" and "*had*."

Ditto, page 494, l. 28, for "*bealth*," read "*wealth*."

Ditto, page 509, l. 21, for "*heaven*," read "*heavens*."

Ditto, page 509, l. 22, for "*lunar*," read "*luna*."

\* The pressure of much more important matter obliges us to defer till next month the conclusion of our strictures on the Annual Review.

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END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court, Fleet-street.



